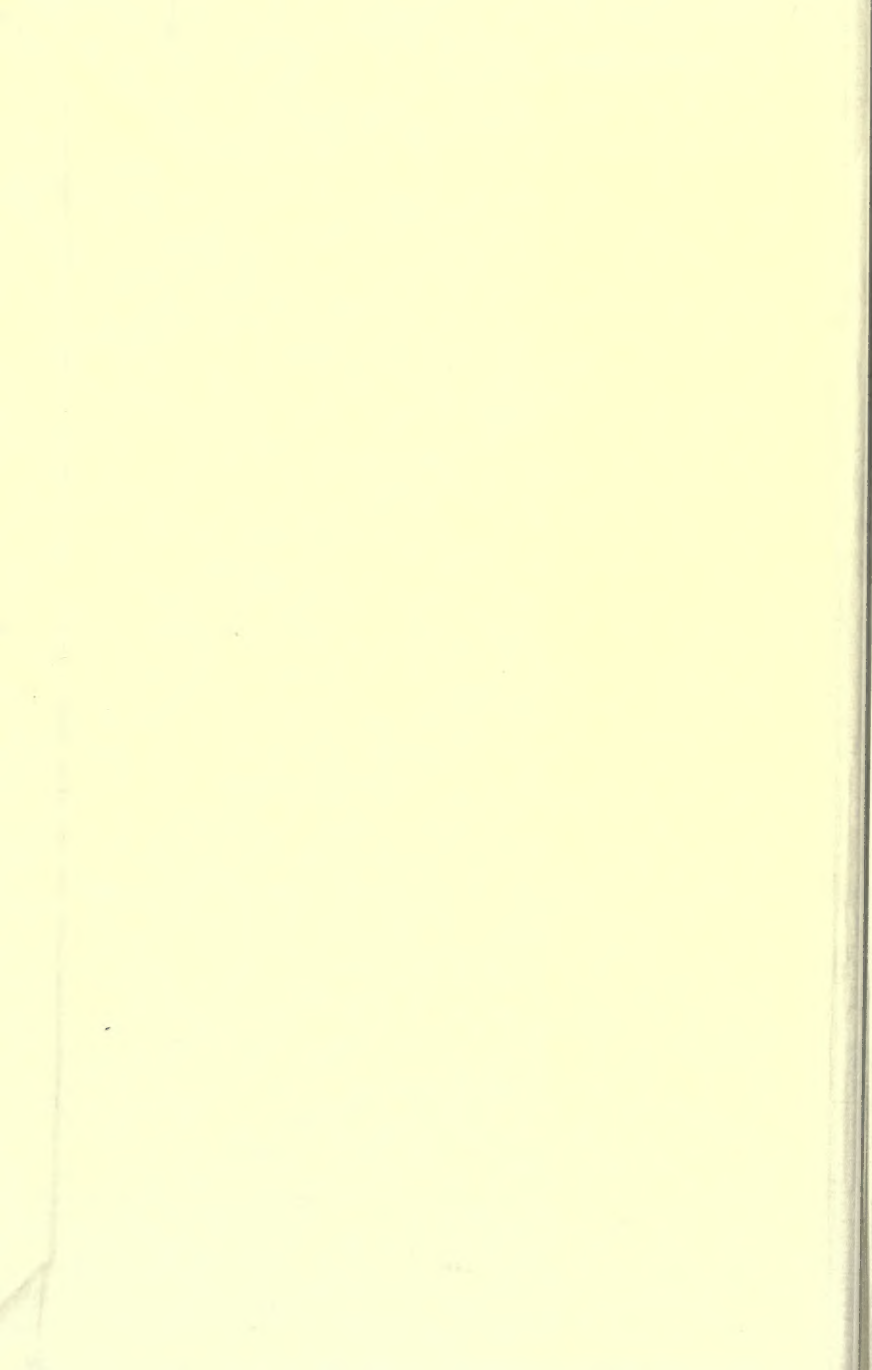
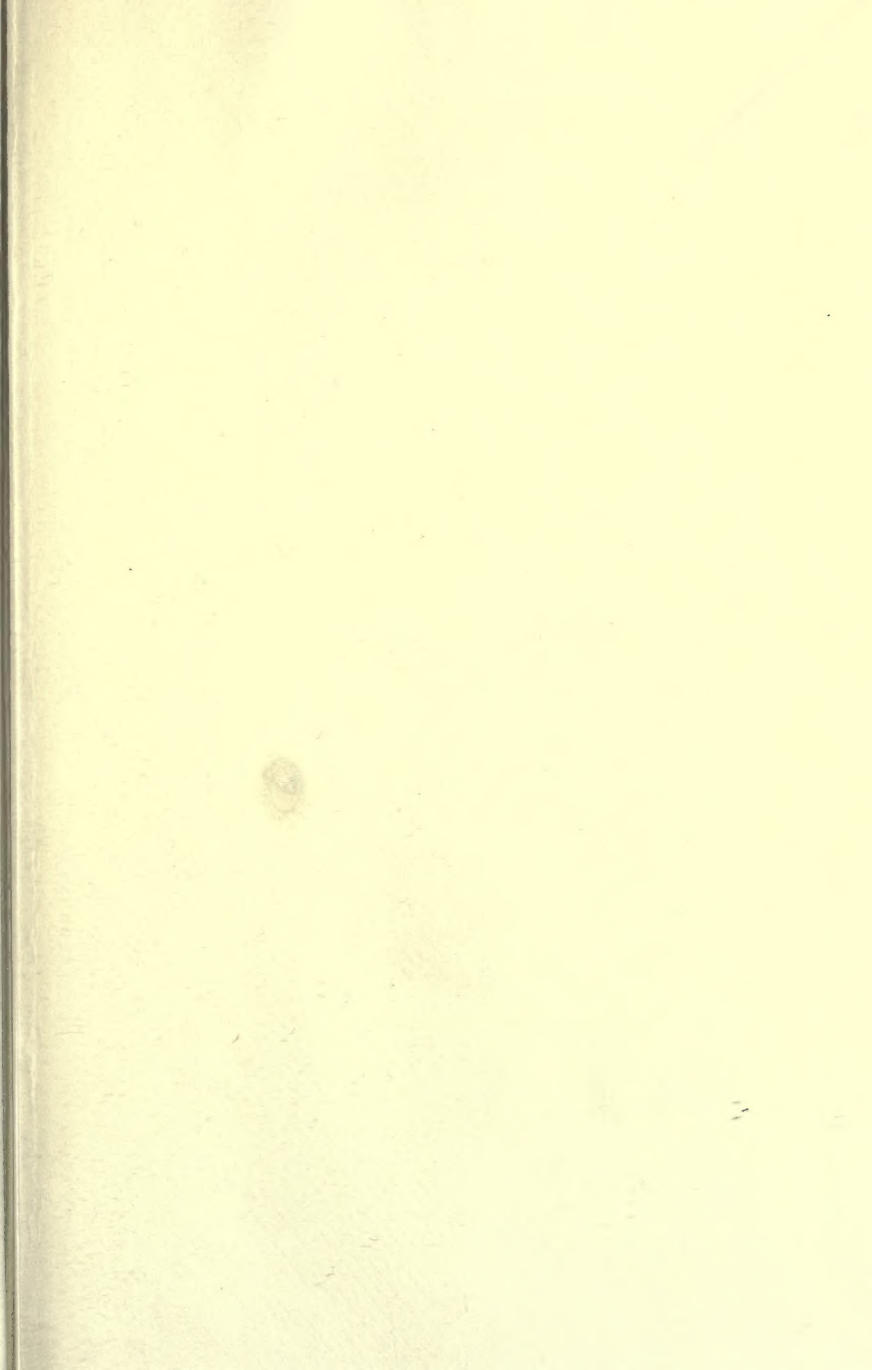


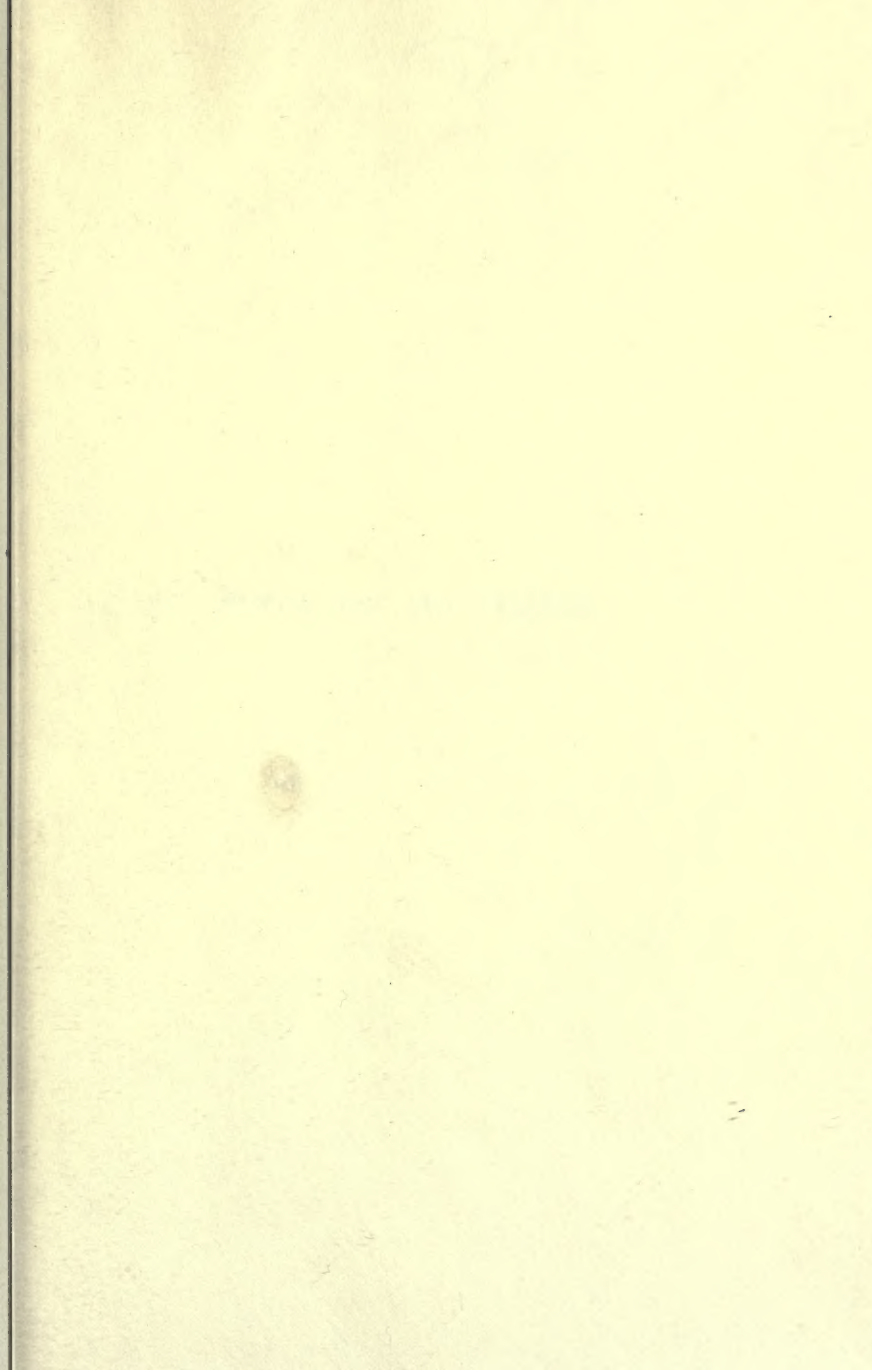


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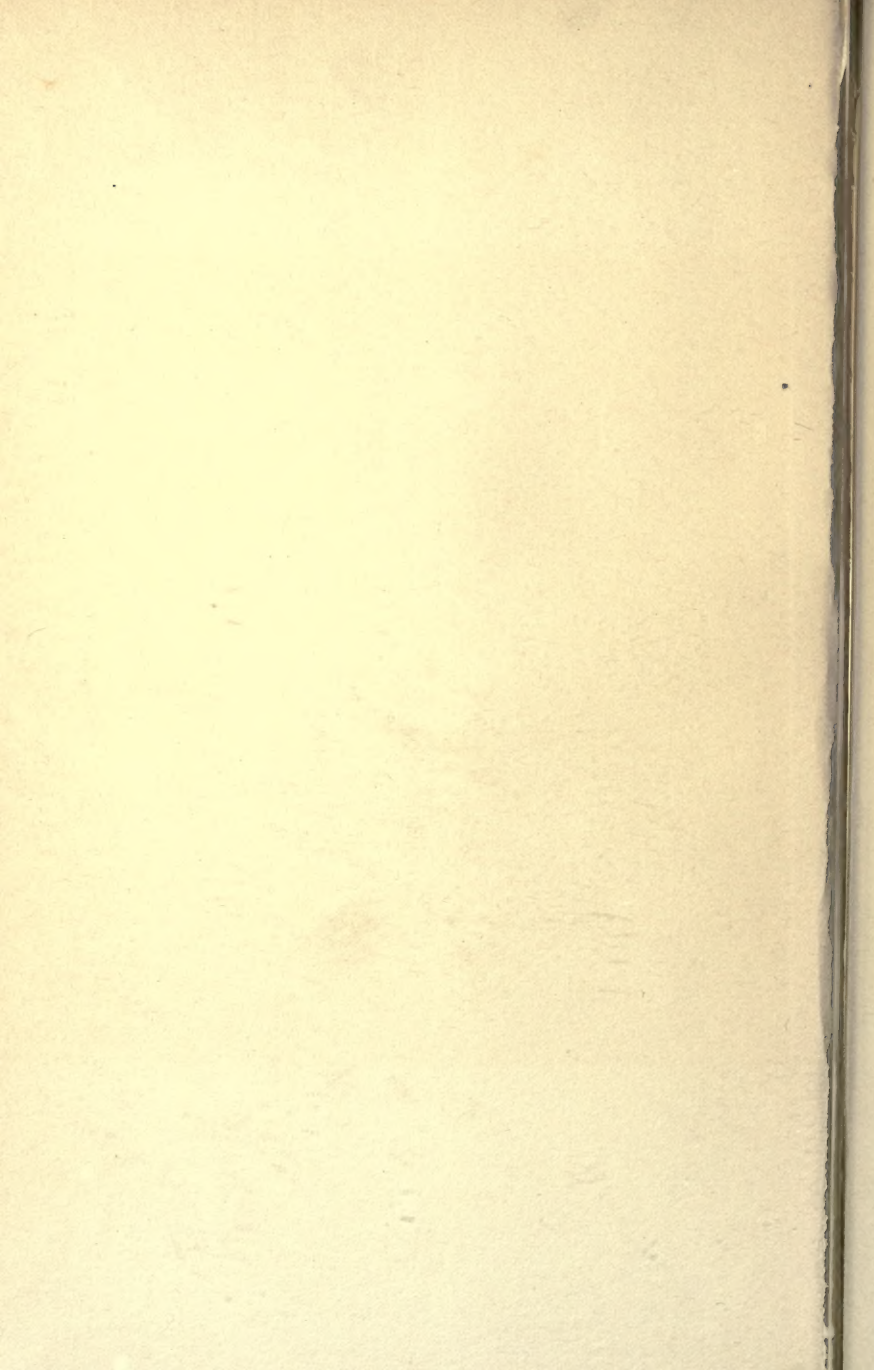


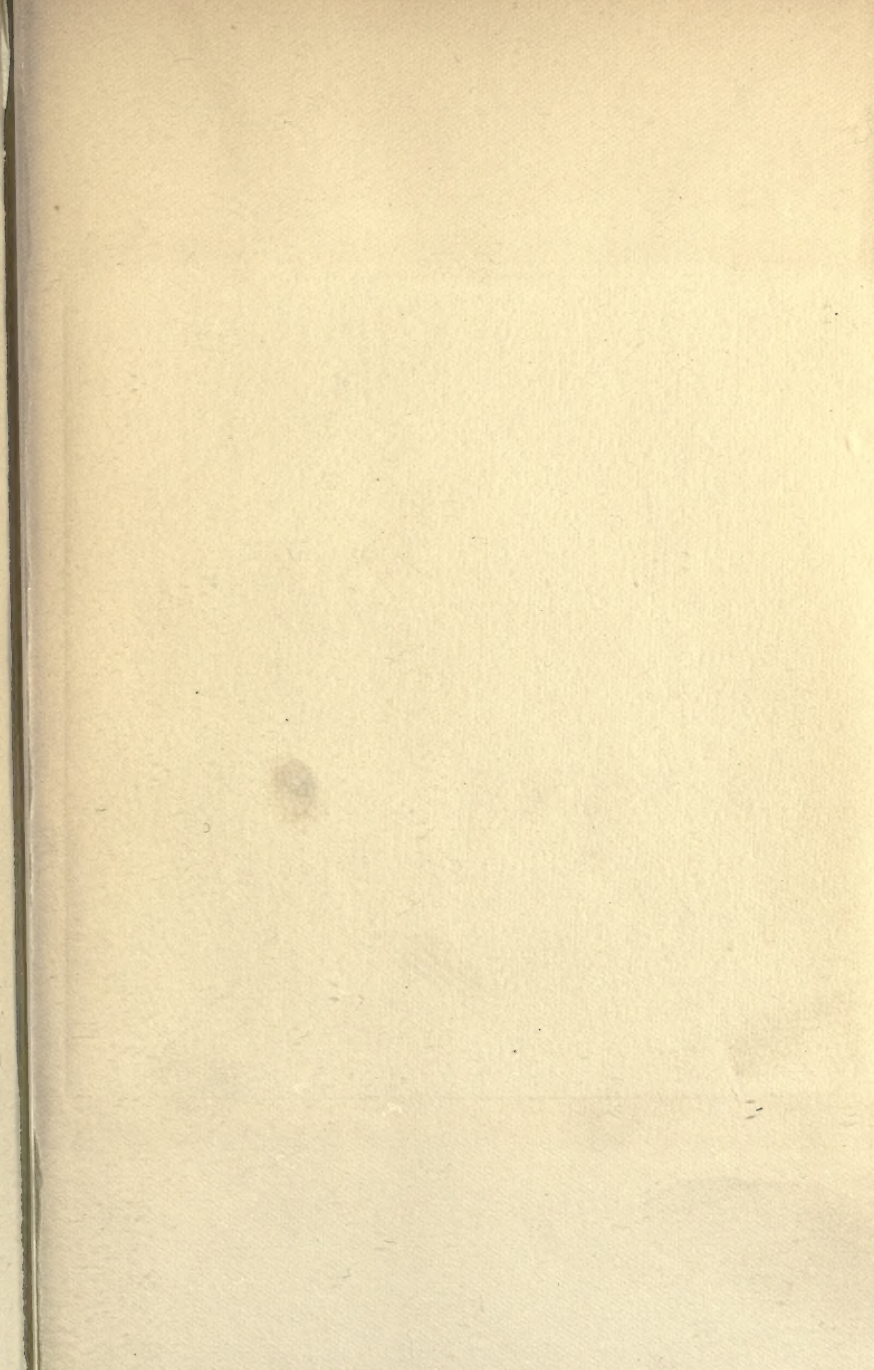
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LOVE SONGS OF SCOTLAND







~~THE~~
~~D. 354~~

Love Songs of Scotland

JEWELS OF THE TENDER PASSION
SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF
BURNS, TANNAHILL, SCOTT, RAMSAY,
LADY NAIRNE, MACNEILL, JAMIESON,
HOGG, DOUGLAS, ALLAN, & OTHERS

With a Glossary

Selected and Edited by

ROBERT W. DOUGLAS



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TORONTO

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PREFACE

THIS unpretentious collection of Scottish Love Songs is intended to form a companion volume to the "Love Songs of France," which has received considerable favor from the public, both in this country and abroad. It is hoped that the "Love Songs of Scotland" will not prove less acceptable than the former work, although, of course, there are many more collections of Scottish poetry before the English-speaking public than of French.

The scope of the present book is necessarily very limited, and many representative pieces which otherwise should have been included are perforce omitted, not because of unworthiness, but for simple lack of space. As a matter of fact, there is no literature in the world so rich in poems of the tender passion as that of Scotland. Indeed, there is a very embarrassment of riches in this field, and the great difficulty has been to suppress one's inclinations and resolutely reject many gems which by their perfection of beauty and

PREFACE

strength of passion should have a place in this collection. All that could be done was to include a few of the undoubted favorites which have stood the test of time. These are to be given a dainty setting, from whence, it is hoped, they will shine in no inferior lustre in comparison with their companions from a sunnier clime.

ROBERT W. DOUGLAS.

CONTENTS

ROBERT ALLAN.

	PAGE
CXII. Blink over the Burn, my Sweet Betty	166
CV. Bonnie Lassie	158
LXVII. Bonnie Lass o' Woodhouselee, The .	101
CXV. Lovely Maid of Ormadale, The .	170
LXI. Thistle and the Rose, The . . .	93

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

CXXXIII. I Canna Sleep	198
----------------------------------	-----

ANONYMOUS.

LXXVII. Adieu for Evermore	114
LXII. As I Cam' Down the Canongate .	95
XXX. Ettrick Banks	44
XXXI. Sae Merry as We Twa ha'e Been .	46

DR. BLACKLOCK.

XXVII. Braes of Ballandine, The . . .	40
---------------------------------------	----

JOANNA BAILLIE.

XXXVIII. Maid of Llanwellyn, The . . .	56
--	----

ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

LXXXVIII. Slighted Love	132
-----------------------------------	-----

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

	PAGE
CXXVII. A Sprig of White Heather . . .	188

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

CXVIII. Good-night, and Joy be wi' Ye A' .	175
CXVII. Jenny's Bawbee	173

ROBERT BURNS.

I. Ae Fond Kiss	1
LX. Birks of Aberfeldy	92
LXXIV. Bonnie Wee Thing, The	111
LXVI. Comin' Through the Rye	100
XXXIX. Corn Rigs	58
XIV. Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	18
II. Green Grow the Rashes, O!	2
VII. Highland Mary	9
XIII. John Anderson, My Jo, John	17
XXVI. Lassie wi' the Lint-White Locks	38
XXXVII. Lizzy Lindsay	55
XXII. Mary Morison	31
LXXVI. My Ain Kind Dearie, O	113
V. My Heart's in the Highlands	5
LXXVIII. Queen Mary's Lament	116
XLV. Sae Flaxen Were her Ringlets	69
LXV. Somebody	99
XXVIII. Sweet Closes the Evening	41
LXIX. Thou Hast Left Me Ever, Jamie	105

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CIII. Glenara	152
XCIX. Lord Ullin's Daughter	147

CONTENTS

ix

ROBERT COUPER, M.D.

	PAGE
CVIII. Kinrara	162

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

III. Down the Burn, Davie	3
-------------------------------------	---

JOHN BURTT.

LXXXII. To Think o' Thee	122
------------------------------------	-----

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CXXI. Bonnie Bark, The	180
LXXI. Bonnie Mary Halliday	107
CI. Gane Were but the Wintry Cauld	156 150
CXX. My Bonnie Lassie	179
CXIV. My Lassie wi' the Sunny Locks	169

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS.

LIX. What Ails You Now	91
----------------------------------	----

MR. DOUGLAS.

X. Annie Laurie	13
---------------------------	----

REV. WILLIAM DUNBAR.

LXXXV. Maid of Islay, The	127
-------------------------------------	-----

JOHN FINLAY.

LXX. Oh! Dear Were the Joys	106
---------------------------------------	-----

RICHARD GALL.

	PAGE
CX. Bonnie Blink o' Mary's E'e, The	164
CIX. I Winna Gang Back to my Mammy again	163
XXIX. My Only Jo and Dearie, O	43

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

CXIII. Ellen	167
------------------------	-----

WILLIAM GLEN.

CXXVI. Blink over the Burn, sweet Betty	186
---	-----

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

LI. If Doughty Deeds my Lady Please	80
---	----

MRS. GRANT OF CARRON.

XCVI. Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch	144
---	-----

MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

XCVII. Oh, my Love, Leave me Not	145
XLI. Oh Where, Tell me Where	61

CAPT. CHARLES GRAY.

XII. The Black-eed Lassie	16
-------------------------------------	----

JOHN HAMILTON.

XXXIV. Go to Berwick, Johnnie	51
XC. Oh, Blaw, Ye Westlin' Winds!	143
XXIV. Rantin' Highlandman, The	34
CVII. Tell me, Jessie, Tell me Why?	161

HERD'S MS.

	PAGE
XIII. O Gin My Love Were Yon Red Rose	26

RICHARD HEWITT.

XVII Roslin Castle	24
------------------------------	----

JAMES HOGG.

XL. Flora Macdonald's Lament	59
LXVIII. Gang to the Brackens wi' Me	103
XCII. Mischievous Woman	138
LXXXIX. Morn Was a Wanin', The	133
LIII. My Love She's but a Lassie yet	83
XCI. Rise! Rise! Lowland and Highland Men	136
XLVI. Skylark, The	70
XXV. When the Kye Comes Hame	36
LV. Women Folk, The	86

ALEXANDER HUME.

CXXXIV. Nanny	199
-------------------------	-----

ROBERT D. JAMIESON.

XI. My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing	14
IX. Robin Adair	12

C. JEFFREYS.

LXXXI. Mary of Argyle	121
---------------------------------	-----

JOHN LAPRAIK.

XXXIII. When I upon thy Bosom Lean	50
--	----

STUART LEWIS.

	PAGE
XXXVI. O'er the Muir Amang the Heather	53

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

LXXIII. Evening Star, The	110
CXI. To Aurelia	165

JOHN LOWE.

LXIV. Mary's Dream	98
------------------------------	----

THOMAS LYLE.

LXIII. Kelvin Grove	96
-------------------------------	----

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

CXXIII. An Autumn Wind	183
----------------------------------	-----

HECTOR MACNEILL.

XV. Come Under my Plaidie	19
CIV. Donald and Flora	155
CVI. I Lo'ed Ne'er a Laddie but Ane	159
XXXII. Saw Ye My Wee Thing?	47

JOHN MAYNE.

XXIII. Helen of Kirkconnel	32
--------------------------------------	----

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

LXXXIII. I'll Never Love Thee More	124
--	-----

GEORGE MENZIES.

	PAGE
CXXV. Fare Thee Weel	185

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

CXXIX. Heigh-Ho!	191
----------------------------	-----

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

LXXX. Thy Bloom hath Fled	119
-------------------------------------	-----

LADY NAIRNE.

XLII. Charlie is My Darling	64
XCVIII. Fareweel, O Fareweel!	146
LXXXVII. Huntingtower	130
XCIV. Laird o' Cockpen, The	141
LII. Land o' the Leal, The	81
XXXV. Lass o' Gowrie, The	52
XLIII. Rowan Tree, The	65
XLIV. There Grows a Bonnie Brier Bush	67
C. Would You Be Young Again?	149

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

CXVI. Hills of the Highlands, The	171
CXIX. O Will Ye Go to Yon Burn Side?	177

JAMES N. NICOL.

XC. Blaw Saftly, Ye Breezes	135
---------------------------------------	-----

ANDREW PARK.

CXXX. Hurrah for the Highlands	193
CXXII. Old Scotland, I Love Thee!	182

THOMAS PRINGLE.

	PAGE
LXXII. Farewell to Bonnie Teviotdale	109

ALLAN RAMSAY.

XIX. Gin Ye Meet a Bonnie Lassie	27
XXI. Hap Me wi' thy Petticoat	30
XVI. Lass of Branksome, The	22
XX. Lochaber No More	28

ALEXANDER RODGER.

CXXXII. Behave Yoursel' Before Folk	195
CXXVIII. Sweet Bet of Aberdeen	190

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

LXXXVI. Heath this Night Must Be my Bed, The	128
LXXXIV. It was an English Ladye Bright	126
XCIII. Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er	139
XLVIII. Weary Lot is Thine, Fair Maid, A	75
VI. Where Shall the Lover Rest?	7
XLVII. Young Lochinvar	72

JOHN STRUTHERS.

LXXV. On the Wild Braes of Calder	112
-----------------------------------	-----

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

L. Harper of Mull	78
LVII. I Mark'd a Gem of Pearly Dew	89
VIII. Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane	10
LXXIX. Lass o' Arranteenie, The	118

CONTENTS

xv

	PAGE
XLIX. Mary, Why Waste?	76
LIV. O, Are Ye Sleepin', Maggie?	84
LVIII. We'll Meet Beside the Dusky Glen	90
LVI. When John and Me were Married	88

DANIEL WEIR.

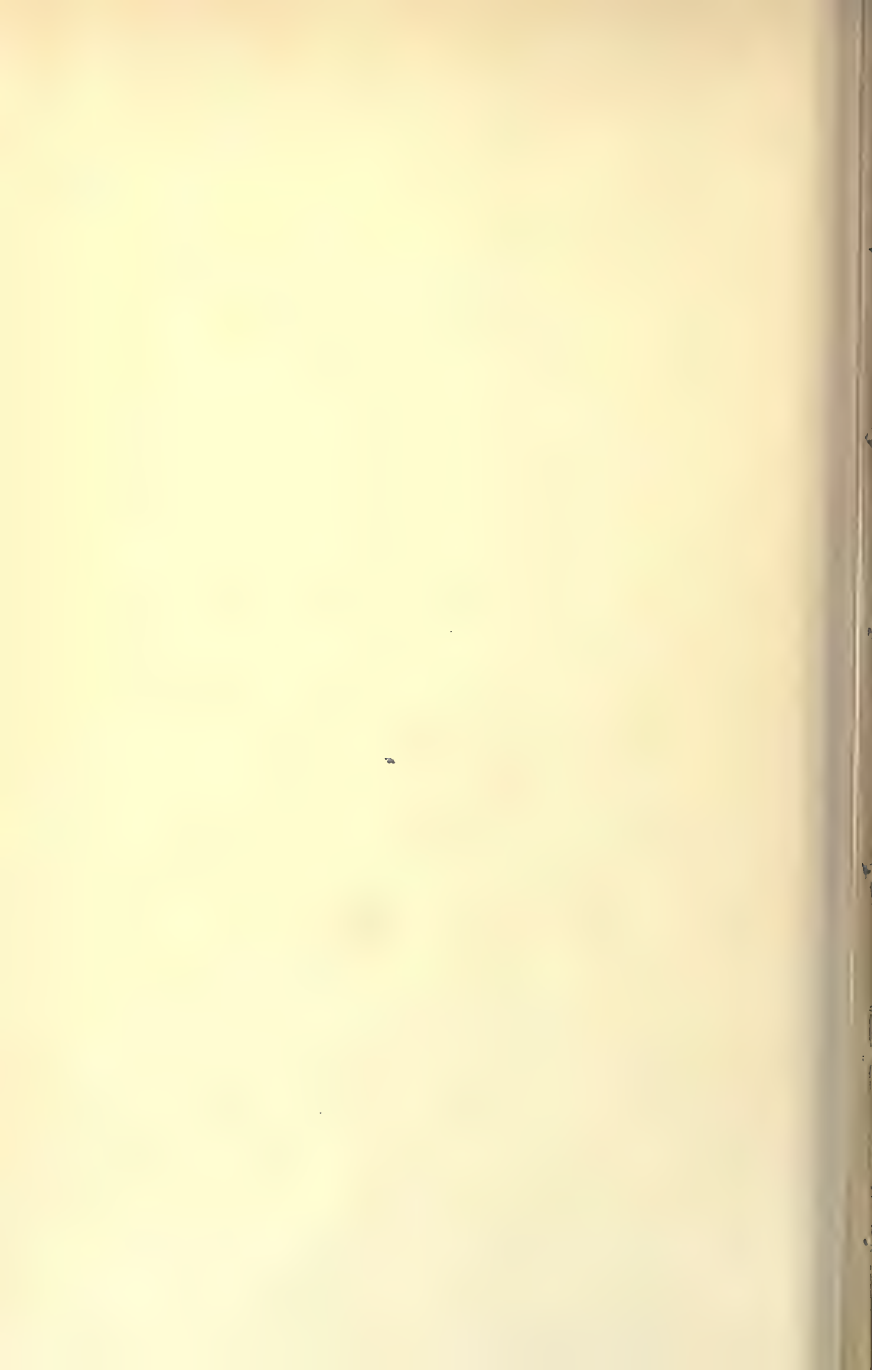
CXXXI. See the Moon	194
-------------------------------	-----

ALEXANDER WILSON.

IV. Dark Lowers the Night	4
-------------------------------------	---

JOHN WRIGHT.

CXXIV. The Maiden Fair	184
----------------------------------	-----



LOVE SONGS OF SCOTLAND

I

AE FOND KISS

(ROBERT BURNS)

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the Star of Hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
And to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

Fare-thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

II

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

(ROBERT BURNS)

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lassies, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lassies, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lassies, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

III

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE

(ROBERT CRAWFORD)

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laughed in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee.

DARK LOWERS THE NIGHT

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burnside;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white;
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flow'ry dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.
With, Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And aye will follow you.

IV

DARK LOWERS THE NIGHT

(ALEXANDER WILSON)

DARK lowers the night o'er the wide stormy
main,
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore;
But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of
death,
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the
heath;
While bloody and pale, on a far distant
shore,
He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er the
steep,
Oh, would you but waft me across the wild
deep!
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud
roar,
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no
more.

V

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

(ROBERT BURNS)

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the
deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of
worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with
snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys
below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging
woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the
deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

VI

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

(SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.)

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow;
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.
Eleu loro.
Soft shall be his pillow.

There through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There where the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never,
Eleu loro.
Never, O never.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
Eken loro.
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
E'er life be parted;
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, O never,
Eken loro.
Never, O never.

HIGHLAND MARY

VII

HIGHLAND MARY

(ROBERT BURNS)

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
An' there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE

But, oh! fell Death' untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!
An' clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lov'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

VIII

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

THE sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben
Lomond
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the
scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer
gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower of
Dunblane.





JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauld-
ing blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o'
green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this
bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dun-
blane.

She's modest as ony and blythe as she's
bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its
ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flow-
er o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the
e'ning,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood
glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and win-
ning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o'
Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my
Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and
vain;

ROBIN ADAIR

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear
lassie,
Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flower
o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest
grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its
splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dun-
blane.

IX

ROBIN ADAIR

(ROBERT JAMIESON)

ART thou for ever gane,
Robin Adair?
While I am left alane,
Robin Adair.
Can I believe thou art
Torn from my aching heart;
How can I bide the smart,
Robin Adair?
Still is thy bosom now,
Robin Adair;
Cauld is thy manly brow,
Robin Adair.

ANNIE LAURIE

Wintry this world to me,
Pleasure it canna gie—
I am bereft o' thee,
Robin Adair.

But true love canna dee,
Robin Adair;
Sweet thocht to comfort me,
Robin Adair.
Soon shall we meet again,
Where joys that never wane,
Shall banish ilka pain,
Robin Adair.

X

ANNIE LAURIE

(MR. DOUGLAS)

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel nicht span;
Her waist ye weel nicht span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

XI

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

(ROBERT JAMIESON)

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
A bonnie, blythesome wee thing,
My dear, my constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be;
It warms my heart to view her,
I canna choose but lo'e her,
And oh! weel may I trow her
How dearly she loe's me!

For though her face sae fair be,
As none could evermair be;
And though her wit sae rare be,
As seenil do we see;

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,
Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,
Nor baith sae lang retained me,
But for her love to me.

When wealth and pride disown'd me,
A' views were dark around me,
And sad and laigh she found me,
As friendless worth could be;
When ither hope gaed frae me,
Her pity kind did stay me,
And love for love she ga'e me;
And that's the love for me.

And, till this heart is cauld, I
That charm of life will hald by;
And, though my wife grow auld, my
Leal love aye young will be;
For she's my winsome wee thing,
My canty blythesome wee thing,
My tender, constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be.

THE BLACK-EED LASSIE

XII

THE BLACK-EED LASSIE

(CAPT. CHARLES GRAY)

Wi' heart sincere I love thee, Bell,
But dinna ye be saucy, O!
Or a' my love I winna tell
To thee, my black-eed lassie, O!
It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,
It's no thy cherry mou';
It's a' because thy heart's sae true,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O.

It's no the witch-glance o' thy e'e,
Though few for that surpass ye, O!
That makes ye aye sae dear to me,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!
It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,
It's no love's dimple on thy chin;
It's a' thy modest worth within,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,
That a' wish to caress ye, O!
But O! how I admire thy mind,
My bonnie black-eed lassie, O!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN

I've seen thy een like crystal clear,
Shine dimly through soft pity's tear;
These are the charms that mak thee dear
To me, my black-eed lassie, O!

XIII

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN

(ROBERT BURNS)

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
An' mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
An' sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

XIV

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

(ROBERT BURNS)

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro'
the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring
hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding
rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my
eye.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses
blow;
There oft as mild evenings weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and
me.

XV

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE

(HECTOR MACNEILL)

COME under my plaidie; the night's gaun to
fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and
the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside
me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for
twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside
me;
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can
blaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside
me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for
twa.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae
'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the
snaw!
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae
'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and
he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu'
braw!
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', or
tichtly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like
the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the
wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething
ava;
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and
twa.
Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye
finely;
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae
braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE

My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye
braw;

It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's
bonnie;

But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
I ha'e little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but
sma'!

Sae gi'e me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside
ye;

I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore
and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was list'nin', and heard her
tell a':

The day was appointed!—his proud heart it
dunted,

And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in
twa.

He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was
drearie,

And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the
deep snaw:

The howlet was screaming, while Johnnie
cried, Women

Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye
braw.

THE LASS OF BRANKSOME

O, the deil's in the lasses! they gang now
sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore
and twa:
The hail o' their marriage is gowd and a
carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that
can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you
marry;
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip
and they'll ca',
Till they meet with some Johnnie that's
youthfu' and bonnie,
And they'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffet to
claw.

XVI

THE LASS OF BRANKSOME

(ALLAN RAMSAY)

As I came in by Teviot side,
And by the braes of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonnie bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;
Her skin was softer than the down,
And white as alabaster;
Her hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpast her.

THE LASS OF BRANKSOME

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising;
Nae silken hose with gushets fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg forbad to shine,
Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum o' a' her claithing;—
Even these o'er mickle—mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naething.
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my saul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And but designing, charm'd me.
Hurried by love, close to my breast
I grāsp'd this fund of blisses;
Wha smil'd, and said, "Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses."

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I couldna want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of hers pled, I should grant her.

ROSLIN CASTLE

Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and troth,
And a young lady made her.

XVII

ROSLIN CASTLE

(RICHARD HEWITT)

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake sweet muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song.
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away,
In sweeter smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

ROSLIN CASTLE

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away,
Come while the muse this wreath shall
twine

Around that modest brow of thine.
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE

XVIII

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED
ROSE

(From *Herd's MS.*)

O GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.

O my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie;
My love's bonnie and fair to see:
Whene'er I look on her well-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysel' a bonnie wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.

O my love's bonnie, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.

O my love's bonnie, &c.

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE

XIX

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE

(ALLAN RAMSAY)

GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twa-fauld ower a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome
time:

Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the soft minutes o' delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, layin' a' the wyte
On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill-bred, she'll smilin' say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark neuk.

LOCHABER NO MORE

Her lauch will lead ye to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want;
And plainly tell ye to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,
And sweetly tuilye for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As taiken o' a future bliss.
These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, wheesht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whinin' cant!

XX

LOCHABER NO MORE

(ALLAN RAMSAY)

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony a day
been;
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they're a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on war,
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody
shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

LOCHABER NO MORE

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every
wind,

No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves
roar,

There's naething like leavin' my love on the
shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair
pain'd;

But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be
gain'd:

And beauty and love's the reward of the
brave;

And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my
excuse;

Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favor I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame;
And if I should chance to come glorious
hame,

I'll bring a heart to thee with love running
o'er,

And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no
more.

XXI

HAP ME WI' THY PETTICOAT

(ALLAN RAMSAY)

O BELL, thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel thou decline
Those pleasures, which alone can cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fall, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

MARY MORISON

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the powers of love agree
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my chains and set me free
From every charm of thine.

XXII

MARY MORISON

(ROBERT BURNS)

OH, Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Tho' this was fair, an' that was braw,
An' yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, an' said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
At least be pity on me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

XXIII

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL

(JOHN MAYNE)

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries,
And like an angel to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL

For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wished to be a bride;
For me in Life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind
Took deadly aim at me;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Though heaven forbids my wrath to
swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me;
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh, if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all those charms were thine,
They centred all in thee!

Ah, what avails in that amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me;

THE RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN

I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Oh, when I'm sleeping in my grave
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and
sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-Lee.

XXIV

THE RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN

(JOHN HAMILTON)

AE morn, last ouk, as I gaed out
To flit a tether'd yowe and lamb,
I met, as skiffing ower the green,
A jolly rantin' Highlandman.
His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,
And ilka smile my favor wan;
I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad,
As this young rantin' Highlandman.

THE RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN

He said, My dear, ye're sune asteer;
Cam' ye to hear the laverock's sang?
O, wad ye gang and wed wi' me,
And wed a rantin' Highlandman?
In summer days, on flowery braes,
When frisky is the ewe and lamb,
I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
And be your rantin' Highlandman.

With heather bells, that sweetly smells,
I'll deck your hair sae fair and lang,
If ye'll consent to scour the bent
Wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman.
We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,
Syne do the best that e'er we can:
Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
To trust a rantin' Highlandman.

His words sae sweet gaed to my heart,
And fain I wad ha'e gien my han',
Yet durstna, lest my mother should
Dislike a rantin' Highlandman.
But I expect he will come back;
Then, though my kin' should scould
and ban,
I'll ower the hill, or where he will,
Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

XXV

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

(JAMES HOGG)

COME all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell you of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down:
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
An' love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drap's down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
The haill soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile;
O, wha would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gi'e?
And a' the arts that prey
On man's life and libertie!
Gi'e me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

XXVI

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

(ROBERT BURNS)

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
An' a' is young an' sweet like thee:
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
An' say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

An' when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

An' when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

XXVII

THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE

(DR. BLACKLOCK)

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young
swain

Ac evening reclined to discover his pain;
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceased to breathe, and the foun-
tain to flow;

Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him
complain,

Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once
flew,

Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my
view!

Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could
survey;

Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful
than they.

Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in
light.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we
repair—

To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fire burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see, the pale moon, all clouded, retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's de-
sires:

I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my
mind.

Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy
care?

To lengthen its moments, but lengthens
despair.

XXVIII

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING

(ROBERT BURNS)

SWEET closes the eve on Craigieburn-wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-
burn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And oh, to be lying beyond thee;
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my death, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

XXIX

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O

(RICHARD GALL)

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O;
Thy neck is o' the siller dew
Upon the bank sae brierie, O.
Thy teeth are o' the ivory;
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee:
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie, O;
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.

ETTRICK BANKS

Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I would dawt thee night and day,
Nae ither warldly care I'd ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

XXX

ETTRICK BANKS

(ANONYMOUS)

ON Ettrick banks, ae simmer's night,
At gloamin', when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane.
My heart grew light;—I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na monie feck.

ETTRICK BANKS

I said, My lassie, will ye gang
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig o' Earn:
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
There's gear to win ye never saw.

A' day when we ha'e wrought enugh,
When winter frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my simmer shiel.
Then, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

XXXI

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN

(ANONYMOUS)

A LASS that was laden'd with care,
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I listen'd a while for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn.
Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.

Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
My dear, he would oft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?

SAW YE MY WEE THING?

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Are merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him.

XXXII

SAW YE MY WEE THING?

(HECTOR MACNEILL)

O SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain
thing?

Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the
gloamin'?

Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the
haw tree?

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-
white;

Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter then
roses:—

Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

SAW YE MY WEE THING?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain
thing,

Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the
gloamin',

Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw
tree.

Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was
milk-white;

Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than
roses:

Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain
thing,

It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart! modest her nature!

She never lo'ed onie, till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my
knee:—

Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses
to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-
Cary;

It was then your true love I met by the
tree;

SAW YE MY WEE THING?

Proud as her heart is, and modest her
nature,

Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his
cheek grew,

Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling
e'e!—

Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts an'
your scorning:

Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth smil-
ing:—

Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks
flee;

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom
shawing,

Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark
rolling e'e!

Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?

Is it my true love here that I see?

O Jamie forgi'e me; your heart's constant to
me;

I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae
thee!

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN

XXXIII

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN

(JOHN LAPRAIK)

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain.
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin' kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? it's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please.
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye, when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
And, if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE

Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

XXXIV

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE

(JOHN HAMILTON)

Go to Berwick, Johnnie;
Bring her frae the Border;
Yon sweet bonnie lassie,
Let her gae nae farther.
English loons will twine ye
O' the lovely treasure;
But we'll let them ken
A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honor;
Drive them o'er the Tweed,
And show our Scottish banner.
I am Rob, the King,
And ye are Jock, my brither;
But, before we lose her,
We'll a' be there thegither.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE

XXXV

THE LASS O' GOWRIE

(LADY NAIRNE)

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie wi' a braw new gown
Cam' ower the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud wash'd in summer's shower
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
And oh! the scene was passin' fair,
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was settin' on the Tay;
The blue hills meltin' into grey,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had woo'd,
An' truth an' constancy had vowed,
But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed
Until she saw fair Gowrie.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER

I pointed to my faither's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say;
The bairnies thocht they wad get play
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her cheek;
She naething said, but hung her head,
But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

XXXVI

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE
HEATHER

(STUART LEWIS)

AE morn of May, when fields were gay,
Serene and charming was the weather,
I chanced to roam some miles frae hame,
Far o'er yon muir amang the heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
How healthsome 'tis to range the muirs,
And brush the dew from vernal heather.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER

I walk'd along, and humm'd a song,
My heart was light as ony feather,
And soon did pass a lovely lass,
Was wading barefoot through the heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
The bonniest lass that e'er I saw
I met ae morn amang the heather.

Her eyes divine, mair bright did shine
Than the most clear unclouded ether;
A fairer form did ne'er adorn
A brighter scene than blooming heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
There's ne'er a lass in Scotia's isle
Can vie with her amang the heather.

I said, "Dear maid, be not afraid;
Pray sit you down, let's talk together;
For oh! my fair, I vow and swear
You've stole my heart amang the heather."

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Ye swains, beware of yonder muir,
You'll lose your hearts amang the
heather.

LIZZY LINDSAY

She answered me, right modestly,
"I go, kind sir, to seek my father,
Whose fleecy charge he tends at large,
On yon green hills beyond the heather."

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
Were I a king thou shouldst be mine,
Dear blooming maid, amang the heather.

Away she flew out of my view,
Her hame or name I ne'er could gather,
But aye sin' syne I sigh and pine
For that sweet lass amang the heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
While vital heat glows in my heart
I'll love the lass among the heather.

XXXVII

LIZZY LINDSAY

(ROBERT BURNS)

WILL ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that you live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

XXXVIII

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN

(JOANNA BAILLIE)

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on
the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my
tree—
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly
on me.

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN

Soft tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded
the dame;
For shame, silly Lightfoot; what is it to
thee;
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles
sweetly on me?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of
scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are
torn:
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy
glee
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly
on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market or fair,
The clerk, at the alehouse, still claims the
great chair;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll
be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly
on me.

For blythe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of gentle degree,
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon
me.

CORN RIGS

XXXIX

CORN RIGS

(ROBERT BURNS)

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kissed her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley;
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear:
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

XL

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT

(JAMES HOGG)

FAR over yon hills of the heather sae green,
An' down by the corrie that sings to the
sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her
e'e.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT

She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that
 swung,
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the
 main;
An' aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she
 sung,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and
 young,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
The moorcock that craws on the brows of
 Ben-Connal,
 He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy
 hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-
 Ronald,
 Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the
 shore,
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the
 sea,
But ah! there is one whose hard fate I
 deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country
 has he!
The conflict is past and our name is no
 more—
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scot-
 land and me!

O, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the
brave,
The claymore forever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and
slave;
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the
proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet
of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the
cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and
good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy
brow!

XLI

O, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE

(MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN)

“O, WHERE, tell me where, is your Highland
laddie gone?
O, where, tell me where, is your Highland
laddie gone?”
“He's gone, with streaming banners, where
noble deeds are done,

O, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE

And my sad heart will tremble till he comes
safely home.

He's gone with streaming banners, where
noble deeds are done,

And my sad heart will tremble till he comes
safely home."

"O, where, tell me where, did your Highland
laddie stay?

O, where, tell me where, did your Highland
laddie stay?"

"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the
rapid Spey,

And many a blessing follow'd him, the day
he went away.

He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the
rapid Spey,

And many a blessing follow'd him, the day
he went away."

"O, what, tell me what, does your Highland
laddie wear?

O, what, tell me what, does your Highland
laddie wear?"

"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant
badge of war,

And a plaid across the manly breast that
yet shall wear a star;

O, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant
badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that
yet shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel
wound,
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all
your hopes confound!"

"The pipe would play a cheering march, the
banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten
in his eye;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the
banners round him fly,
And for his king and country dear, with
pleasure he would die!"

"But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland's
bonny bounds;
But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland's
bonny bounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his
glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills,
his warlike name resounds;
His native land of liberty shall nurse his
glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills,
his warlike name resounds."

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

XLII

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

(LADY NAIRNE)

'Twas on a Monday morning
Right early in the year,
When Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

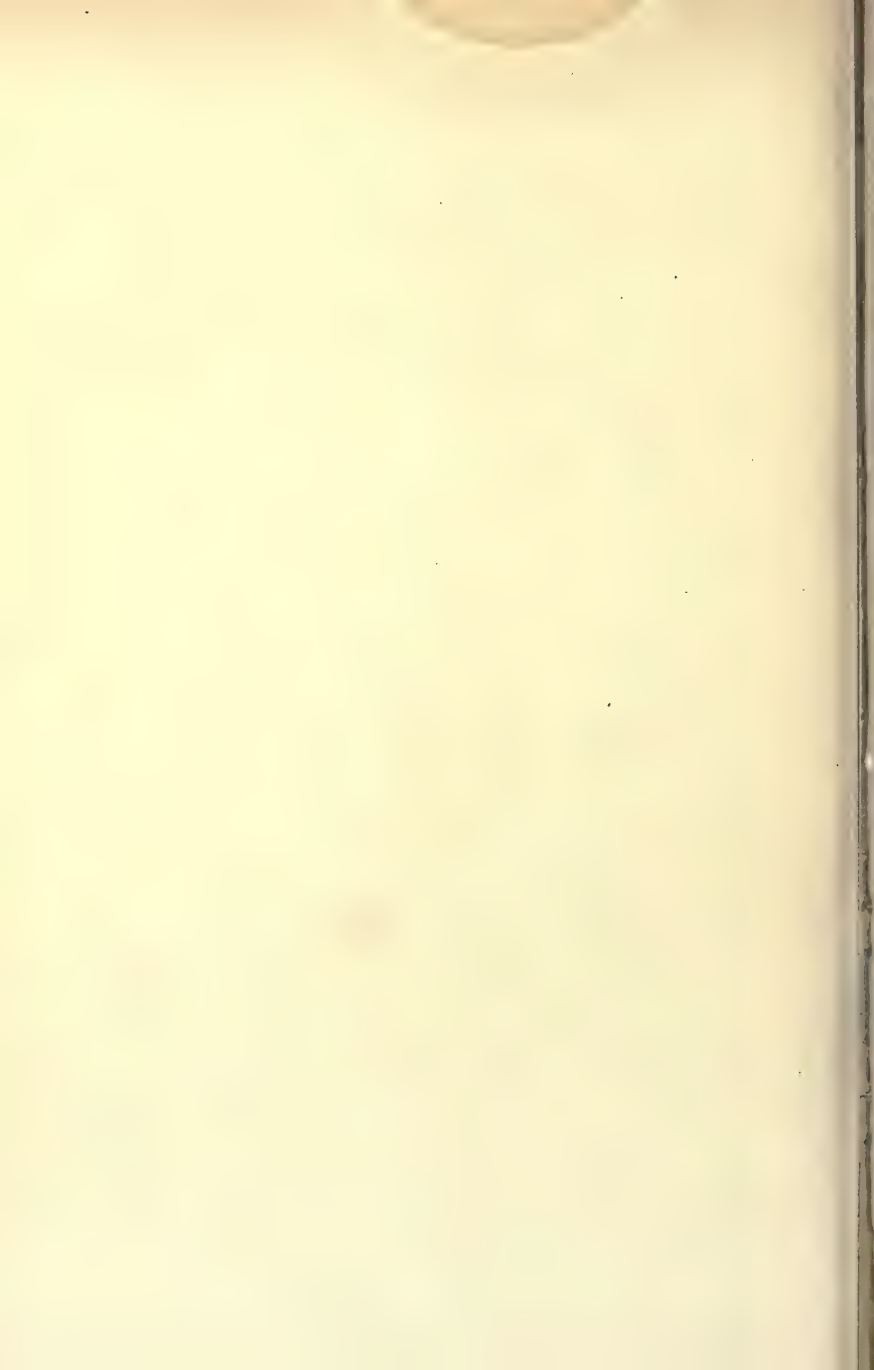
As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' running out,
To meet the Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.





THE ROWAN TREE

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Oh! there were many beating hearts
And many a hope and fear,
And many were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

XLIII

THE ROWAN TREE

(LADY NAIRNE)

OH, Rowan tree! Oh, Rowan tree! thou'lt
aye be dear to me,
Intwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame
and infancy;
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy
flow'rs the simmer's pride;
There was nae sic a bonnie tree, in a' the
country side.

Oh, Rowan tree!

THE ROWAN TREE

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a'
thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi'
berries red and bright,
We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the
bairnies round thee ran;
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and neck-
laces they strang.

Oh, Rowan tree!

On thy fair stem were mony names, which
now nae mair I see;
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot
they ne'er can be;
My mother! oh! I see her still, she smil'd
our sports to see;
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her
knee!

Oh, Rowan tree!

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy
evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in
the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath
the Rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine
o' hame and infancy.

Oh, Rowan tree!

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH

XLIV

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER
BUSH

(LADY NAIRNE)

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail
yard,
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail
yard,
Like wee bit cockauds, to deck our hieland
lads,
And the lassies lo'e the bonnie bush in our
kail yard.

An' it's hame, an' it's hame, to the north
countrie,
An' it's hame, an' it's hame, to the north
countrie,
Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,
Wi' a heart kind an' true, in my ain countrie.

But were they a' true that were far awa'?
O' were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at
Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld frien's that were far awa'.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye
have been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's
green,
O'er weel ye lo'ed the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the hieland hills, that were far
awa'.

I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Atholl's green,
I ne'er lo'ed a lassie, but my dorty Jean,
Sair, sair against my will, did I bide sae
lang awa',
And my heart was aye in Atholl's green, at
Carlisle ha'.

The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail
yard,
The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail
yard,
A blast blew ower the hill, that ga'e Atholl's
flowers a chill,
An the bloom's blawn aff the bonnie bush in
our kail yard.

XLV

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS

(ROBERT BURNS)

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue,
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow;
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
An' aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.

THE SKYLARK

Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
An' aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver lights the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
An' hear my vows o' truth and love,
An' say thou lo'es me best of a'.

XLVI

THE SKYLARK

(JAMES HOGG)

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblems of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

THE SKYLARK

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives its energy, love gave it birth;
Where on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Bird of the wilderness,
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

XLVII

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

(SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.)

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the
west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was
the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons
had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not
for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was
none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came
late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers
and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on
his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never
a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in
war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like
its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of
mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely
by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took
it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down
the cup,

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

She looked down to blush, and she looked
up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her
eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could
bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did
fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bon-
net and plume;
And the bridemaids whispered, “’Twere
better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.”

One touch of her hand, and one word in her
ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the
charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush,
and scaur;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth
young Lochinvar.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the
Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they
rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie
Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they
see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

XLVIII

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID

(SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.)

“A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew, love!
No more of me you knew.

MARY, WHY WASTE?

“This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But it shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.”
He turn’d his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, “Adieu for evermore, my love!
And adieu for evermore.”

XLIX

MARY, WHY WASTE?

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

“MARY, why thus waste thy youthtime in
sorrow?
See, a’ around you the flowers sweetly
blaw;
Blythe sets the sun o’er the wild cliffs of
Jura,
Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.”
“How can this heart ever mair think of
pleasure?
Summer may smile, but delight I ha’e nane;
Cauld in the grave lies my heart’s only
treasure,
Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

MARY, WHY WASTE?

“This ’kerchief he gave me, a true lover’s
token,

Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
I wear’t near my heart, but this poor heart
is broken,

Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break;
Sighing for him, I lie down in the e’ning,
Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
Spent are my days a’ in secret repining,
Peace to this bosom can never return.

“Oft have we wander’d in sweetest retire-
ment,

Telling our loves ’neath the moon’s silent
beam,

Sweet were our meetings of tender endear-
ment,

But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing
dream.

Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,

Brooding o’er joys that for ever are flown!

Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,

Flee to some bosom where grief is un-
known!”

HARPER OF MULL

L

HARPER OF MULL

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

WHEN Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by:
I play'd my heart cheery, while fondly I
sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights
lang:
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to
me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds
my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods
alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad
mane;
My harp's mournful melody joins in the
strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are
gane.

HARPER OF MULL

Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less
fair,
And the thoughts of her beauty but feed my
despair;
With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain
stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my
dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae
blest,
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my
breast;
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou
wert o'er,
Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequall'd
before;
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon
shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper
of Mull.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE

LI

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY
PLEASE

(ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE)

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed:
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bares frae me the meed.

I'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo!

LII

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

(LADY NAIRNE)

I'm wearin awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

* But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glistn'ing e'e, John,
My soul lang's to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and aye be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

LIII

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

(JAMES HOGG)

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
 It scarce wad do
 To sit an' woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.
But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet;
 An' hint wi' glee
 O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
 But just a jinking,
 Bonnie blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.
But O, her artless smiles mair sweet
Than hinny or than marmalete;
 An' right or wrang,
 Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
 The flowry beds
 On which she treads,
Though wae for ane that misses her.
Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
 For all I see
 Are nought fo' me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

LIV

O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

O, ARE ye sleepin', Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carie;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE

Fearfu' soughs the bourtree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,
Loud the iron gate goes clank,
And cry of howlets makes me eerie.

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise my bonnie lady!

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie:
"Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye."

Now, since ye'er wakin', Maggie!
Now, since ye'er wakin', Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For bourtree bank, or warlock craigie?

THE WOMEN FOLK

LV

THE WOMEN FOLK

(JAMES HOGG)

O SARELY I rue the day
I fancied first the womankind;
For aye sinsyne I ne'er can ha'e
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!
They ha'e plagued my heart, and pleased
my e'e,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye for a' their witchery,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.

O, the women folk! O, the women folk!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O, weary fa' the women folk;
For they winna let a body be!

I ha'e thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'ed them better than mysel',
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can;
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.

O, the women folk! &c.

THE WOMEN FOLK

That they ha'e gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see;
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree;
An' smiles as soft as the young rosebud,
An' e'en sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the clud—
But laddie, seek to ken nae mair!

O, the women folk! &c.

Even but this night, nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,
I tak ye witness, ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried, right or wrang,
Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a verse ava'.

O, the women folk! the women folk!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O, weary fa' the women folk,
For they winna let a body be!

LVI

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

WHEN John and me were married,
Our hading was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carling,
Wou'd gi'e us nocht ava';
I wair't my fee wi' canny care,
As far as it wou'd gae,
But weel I wat, our bridal bed
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We're come to what ye see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eydent aye were we.
The lowe of love made labor light;
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blows gay on cairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha';

I MARK'D A GEM OF PEARLY DEW

Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' ye should make your bridal bed
Of clean pease-strae.

LVII

I MARK'D A GEM OF PEARLY DEW

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

I MARK'D a gem of pearly dew,
While wand'ring near yon misty mountain,
Which bore the tender flow'r so low,
It dropp'd it off into the fountain.
So thou has wrung this gentle heart,
Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
It, sighing, found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
Thy vows were as the passing wind,
That fans the flow'r, then dies for ever.
And think not that this gentle heart,
Though in its core 'twas proud to wear
thee,
Shall longer droop beneath thy art;—
No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN

LVIII

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY
GLEN

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen, on yon
burn-side,
Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon
burn-side:

Though the broomy knowes be green,
Yet there we may be seen;
But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by
yon burn-side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower on yon
burn-side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on
yon burn-side:

There the busy prying eye
Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
While in other's arm they lie, down by yon
burn-side.

Awa' ye rude unfeelin' crew, frae yon burn-
side!
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon
burn-side:

WHAT AILS YOU NOW

There fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murmurin' stream,
And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by
yon burn-side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd
on yon burn-side.

And gloamin' draws her foggie shroud o'er
yon burn-side:

Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll through the fields alane;
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down
by yon burn-side.

LIX

WHAT AILS YOU NOW

(ALEXANDER DOUGLAS)

WHAT ails you now, my daintie Pate,
Ye winna wed an' a' that?
Say, are ye fley'd, or are ye blate,
To tell your love an' a' that?
To kiss an' clap, an' a' that?
O fy for shame, an' a' that,
To spend your life without a wife;
'Tis no the gate ava that.

BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Ere lang you will grow auld and frail,
Your haffets white an' a' that;
An whare's the Meg, the Kate, or Nell,
Will ha'e you syne wi' a' that?
Runkled brow an' a' that;
Wizzen'd face an' a' that;
Wi' beard sae grey, there's nane will ha'e
A kiss frae you, an' a' that.

LX

BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

(ROBERT BURNS)

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
An' o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
An' rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me
Supremely blest wi' love an' thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

LXI

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

(ROBERT ALLAN)

THERE grew in bonnie Scotland
A thistle and a brier,
And aye they twined and clasp'd,
Like sisters, kind and dear.
The rose it was sae bonnie,
It could ilk bosom charm;
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,
To keep the rose frae harm.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' and late;
He water'd it, and fann'd it,
And wove it with his fate;
And the leal hearts of Scotland
Pray'd it might never fa',
The thistle was sae bonnie green,
The rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat
Where Hope's fair emblems grew;
They drapt a drap upon the rose
O' bitter, blasting dew;
And aye they twined the mystic thread,—
But ere their task was done,
The snaw-white shade it disappear'd,
And wither'd in the sun!

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' and late;
He water'd it and fann'd it,
And wove it with his fate;
But the thistle tap it wither'd,
Winds bore it far awa',
And Scotland's heart was broken,
For the rose sae like the snaw!

AS I CAM' DOWN THE CANONGATE

LXII

AS I CAM' DOWN THE CANONGATE

(ANONYMOUS)

As I cam' down the Canongate,
The Canongate, the Canongate,
As I cam' down the Canongate,
I heard a lassie sing,

Merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in.

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies,
To fauld a lassie in.

O merry, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin.

O merry, &c.

KELVIN GROVE

LXIII

KELVIN GROVE

(THOMAS LYLE)

LET us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!

Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O!

Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O!

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O!
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O!

Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring water's fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O!

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O!
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O!

There the May pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O!

KELVIN GROVE

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie
lassie, O!

As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie las-
sie, O!

Yet with fortune on my side
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O!

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie
lassie, O!

On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O!
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie las-
sie, O!

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie las-
sie, O!

And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O!
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant-scented breer,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie las-
sie, O!

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O!
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie
lassie, O!

Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

MARY'S DREAM

LXIV

MARY'S DREAM

(JOHN LOWE)

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.
"O, Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.

SOMEBODY

Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

“O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!”
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled:
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
“Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!”

LXV

SOMEBODY

(ROBERT BURNS)

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh-hey, for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh-hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not!
For the sake o' somebody!

LXVI

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

(ROBERT BURNS)

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

THE BONNIE LASS O' WOODHOUSELEE

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

LXVII

THE BONNIE LASS O' WOODHOUSE-
LEE

(ROBERT ALLAN)

THE sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw,
But sweeter far on Woodhouselee,
And dear I like his setting beam
For sake o' ane sae dear to me.
It was nae simmer's fairy scenes,
In a' their charming luxury,
But Beauty's sel' that won my heart,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

THE BONNIE LASS O' WOODHOUSELEE

Sae winnin' was her witchin' smile,
Sae piercin' was her coal-black e'e,
Sae sarely wounded was my heart,
That had na wish sic ills to dree;
In vain I strave in beauty's chains,
I cou'd na keep my fancy free,
She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

The bonnie knowes, sae yellow a',
Where aft is heard the hum of bee,
The meadow green, and breezy hill,
Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
May charm the weary, wand'rin' swain,
When e'enin' sun dips in the sea,
But a' my heart, baith e'en and morn,
Is wi' the lass o' Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimplin' burn,
And dew-clad gowans on the lea,
The water-lily on the lake,
Are but sweet emblems a' of thee;
And while in summer smiles they bloom,
Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,
I'll woo their sweets, e'en for thy sake,
The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

LXVIII

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME

(JAMES HOGG)

I'LL sing of yon glen of red heather,
An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,
Wha's a' made o' love-life thegether,
Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kaime.
Love beckons in every sweet motion,
Commanding due homage to gi'e;
But the shrine o' my dearest devotion
Is the bend o' her bonny e'ebree.

I fleech'd an' I pray'd the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens wi' me;
But though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was—"Laith wad I be!
I neither ha'e father nor mither,
Sage counsel or caution to gi'e;
An' prudence has whispered me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee."

"Dear lassie, how can you upbraid me,
An' try your own love to beguile?
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME

Your smile that is blither than ony,
The bend o' your cheerfu' e'ebree,
An' the sweet blinks o' love there sae bonny,
Are five hunder thousand to me!"

She turn'd her around an' said, smiling,
While the tear in her blue e'e shone clear,
"You're welcome, kind sir, to your mailing,
For, O, you have valued it dear:
Gae mak' out the lease, do not linger;
Let the parson indorse the decree,
An' then, for a wave of your finger,
I'll gang to the brakens wi' thee!"

There's joy in the bright blooming features,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine:
But there's a delight will ne'er perish,
'Mang pleasures all fleeting and vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain!

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE

LXIX

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE

(ROBERT BURNS)

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.

Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken,
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.

Thou canst love anither, jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken.

OH! DEAR WERE THE JOYS

LXX

OH! DEAR WERE THE JOYS

(JOHN FINLAY)

Oh! dear were the joys that are past!
Oh! dear were the joys that are past;
Inconstant thou art, as the dew of the morn,
Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the eve,
When bearing thy fond faithless sigh!
And the moonbeam how dear that betray'd
The love that illumined thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,
Thou swar'st by the moon's sacred light;
But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,
It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith,
And broken a fond lover's heart;
Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting ray
I would trust more than thee and thy art!

I am wretched to think on the past—
Even hope now my peace cannot save!
Thou hast given to my rival thy hand,
But me thou hast doom'd to my grave.

LXXI

BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY

(ALLAN CUNNINGHAM)

BONNIE Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I call you;
If you go to the dewy wood,
Sorrow will befall you.

The ring-dove from the dewy wood
Is wailing sore and calling;
An' Annan water, 'tween its banks,
Is foaming far and falling.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
Come, my bonnie lady—
Upon the river's woody bank
My steed is saddled ready.

And for thy haughty kinsman's threats
My faith shall never falter—
The bridal banquet's ready made,
The priest is at the altar.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
The towers of merry Preston
Have bridal candles gleaming bright—
So busk thee, love, and hasten.

BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY

Come busk thee, love, and bowne thee
Through Tindal and green Mouswal;
Come, be the grace and be the charm
To the proud Towers of Mochusel.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I tell you;
For wit, and grace, and loveliness,
What maidens may excel you?

Though Annan has its beauteous dames,
And Corrie many a fair one,
We canna want thee from our sight,
Thou lovely and thou rare one

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
When the cittern's sounding,
We'll miss thy lightsome lily foot
Among the blythe lads bounding.

The summer sun shall freeze our veins,
The winter moon shall warm us,
Ere the like of thee shall come again
To cheer us and to charm us.

LXXII

FAREWELL TO BONNIE TEVIOTDALE

(THOMAS PRINGLE)

OUR native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu;
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renown'd in song;
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell the blythesome broomy knowes
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell the hoary haunted hows
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell,
The martyr's grave and lover's bower
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love, our fathers' home,
Land of the brave and free,
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

THE EVENING STAR

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the western main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu;
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale
And Scotland's mountains blue!

LXXIII

THE EVENING STAR

(DR. JOHN LEYDEN)

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star! to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear;

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

THE BONNIE WEE THING

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs,
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh;
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be loved again.

LXXIV

THE BONNIE WEE THING

(ROBERT BURNS)

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!
Wishfully I look an' languish
In that bonnie face of thine;
An' my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

ON THE WILD BRAES OF CALDER

Wit, an' grace, an' love, an' beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

LXXV

ON THE WILD BRAES OF CALDER

(JOHN STRUTHERS)

ON the wild braes of Calder, I found a fair
lily,
All drooping with dew in the breath of the
morn,
A lily more fair never bloom'd in the valley,
Nor rose, the gay garden of art to adorn.
Sweet, sweet was the fragrance this lily
diffused,
As blushing, all lonely, it rose on the
view,
But scanty its shelter, to reptiles exposed,
And every chill blast from the cold north
that blew.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O

Beneath yon green hill, a small field I had
planted,
Where the light leafy hazel hangs over the
burn;
And a flower such as this, to complete it,
was wanted,
A flower that might mark the gay season's
return.
Straight home to adorn it, I bore this fair
lily,
Where, at morn, and at even, I have
watch'd it with care;
And blossoming still, it is queen of the valley,
The glory of spring, and the pride of the
year.

LXXVI

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O

(ROBERT BURNS)

WHEN o'er the hills the eastern star
Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo;
An' owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf an' weary, O;
Down by the burn, where sented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

ADIEU FOR EVERMORE

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, an' ne'er be earie, O,
If thro' that glen I ga'ed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Altho' the night was ne'er sae wild,
An' I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo:
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

LXXVII

ADIEU FOR EVERMORE

(ANONYMOUS)

It was a' for our richtfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our richtfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

ADIEU FOR EVERMORE

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain:
My love, my native land, farewell;
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him richt and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore, my love,
With, Adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my love,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and nicht is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa'
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT

LXXVIII

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT

(ROBERT BURNS)

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On ilka blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out ower the grassy lea.

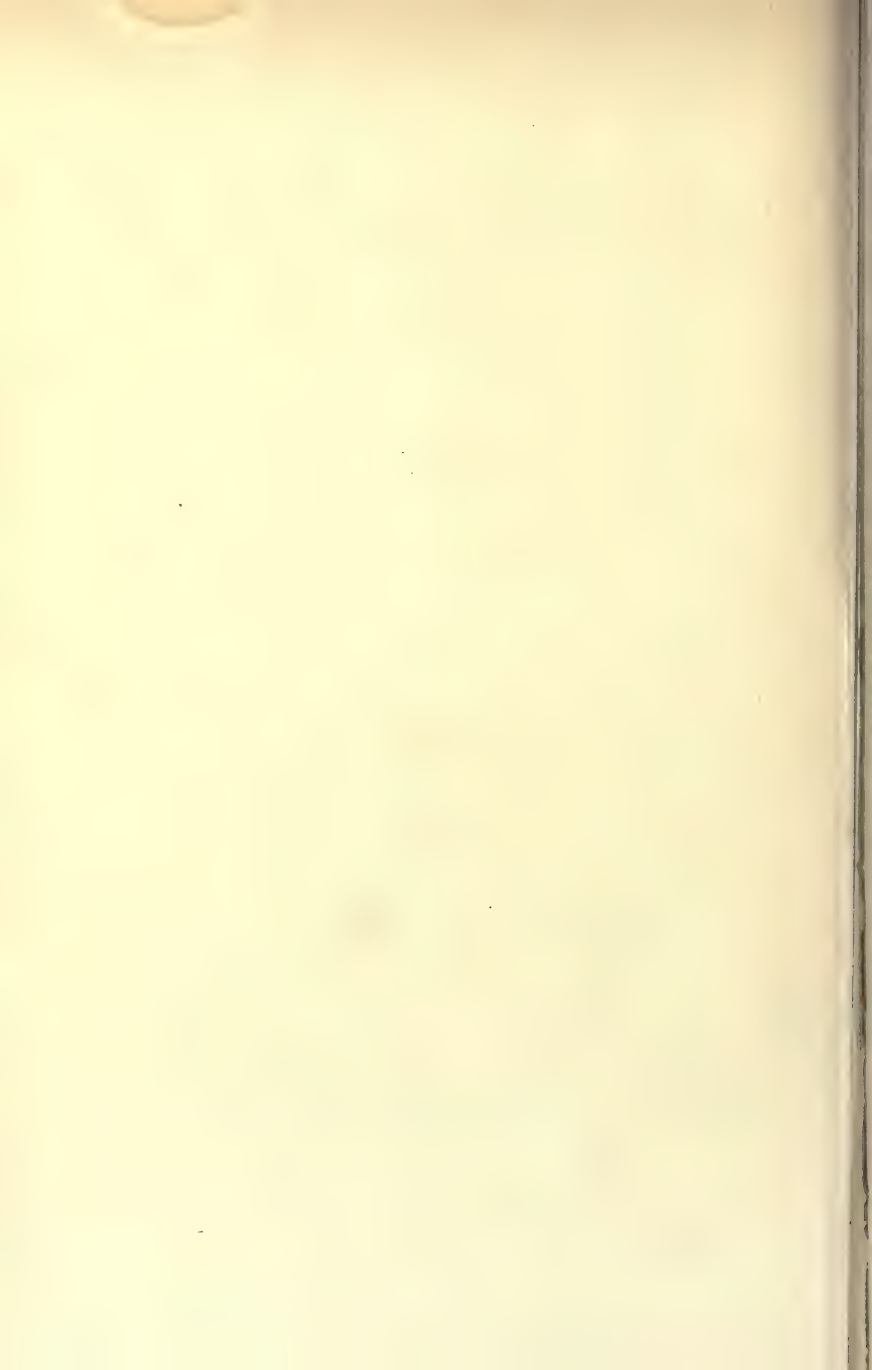
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies,
But nocht can glad the weary wicht
That fast in durance lies.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose doun the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing,
The merle in his noontide bower
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis wild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress'd.





QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove these sweets amang;
But I, the queen o' a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee,
Nor the balm that draps on wounds
of woe
From woman's pitying e'e.

My son, my son, may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er would blink on mine!

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me.

Oh, soon to me may summer sun
Nae mair licht up the morn;
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave,
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

LXXIX

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE

(ROBERT TANNAHILL)

FAR lone amang the Highland hills,
'Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are naught to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED

Yon mossy rosebud down the how
Just opening fresh and bonny,
It blinks beneath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony.
Sae sweet amidst her native hills
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow
I view the distant ocean;
There avarice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion.
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

LXXX

THE BLOOM HATH FLED

(WILLIAM MOTHERWELL)

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die,
And sadness hath o'ershadow'd now
Thy once bright eye;
But, look on me, the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

THE BLOOM HATH FLED

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
Thy step is sad and slow,
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmur'd sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discours'd my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measur'd phrase
We gave our passion name:
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our heart's fond flame
And long imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doom'd lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

MARY OF ARGYLE

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness, meet
In this, in this.
Farewell!

LXXXI

MARY OF ARGYLE

(C. JEFFREYS)

I HAVE heard the mavis singing
His love song to the morn,
I have seen the dewdrop clinging
To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dewdrop on the rose;
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle!

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;

TO THINK O' THEE

Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world can own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone;
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

LXXXII

TO THINK O' THEE

(JOHN BURTT)

O LASSIE I lo'e dearest,
Mair fair to me than fairest,
Mair rare to me than rarest;
How sweet to think o' thee!
When blythe the blue e'ed dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honied dew-drap
Still trembles at the flower-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss't for sake o' thee;

TO THINK O' THEE

An' when by stream, or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments countin',
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red-rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or o'er the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out o'er the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When sougths the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
O think when cares distress thee,
O think when pleasures bless thee,
O' him that thinks o' thee!

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE

LXXXIII

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE

(MARQUIS OF MONTROSE)

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE

But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with
bays,
And love thee evermore.

IT WAS AN ENGLISH LADYE BRIGHT

LXXXIV

IT WAS AN ENGLISH LADYE BRIGHT

(SIR WALTER SCOTT)

It was an English ladye bright
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blythely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
 Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
 A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted well
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
When dead in her true love's arms she fell,
 For Love was still the lord of all!

THE MAID OF ISLAY

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle
wall),
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

LXXXV

THE MAID OF ISLAY

(REV. WILLIAM DUNBAR)

RISING o'er the heaving billow,
Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee on grassy pillow,
Solitude! I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea breeze blowing
Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing
Murmur oft a lover's pain.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED

'Twas for her, the Maid of Islay,
Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;
'Twas for her the cheering smile aye
Beam'd with rapture in my eye.
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash or thunder's roll,
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image filled my soul.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wandering,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pondering,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

LXXXVI

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE
MY BED

(SIR WALTER SCOTT)

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary!

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regrets must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blythely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary!

HUNTINGTOWER

LXXXVII

HUNTINGTOWER

(LADY NAIRNE)

“WHEN ye gang awa’, Jamie,
When ye gang awa’, laddie,
What will ye gi’e my heart to cheer,
When ye are far awa’, Jamie?”

“I’ll gi’e ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
I’ll gi’e ye a braw new gown, lassie,
An’ it will be a silken ane,
Wi’ Valenciennes trimm’d round, Jeanie.”

“O, that’s nae luv at a’, laddie,
That’s nae luv, at a’, Jamie,
How could I bear braw gowns to wear,
When ye are far awa’, laddie?”

“But mind me when awa’, Jamie,
Mind me when awa, laddie,
For out o’ sicht is out o’ mind
Wi’ mony folk we ken, Jamie.”

“Oh, that can never be, Jeanie,
Forgot ye ne’er can be, lassie;
Oh, gang wi’ me to the north countrie,
My bonnie bride to be, Jeanie.

HUNTINGTOWER

“The Hills are grand and hie, Jeanie,
The burnies runnin’ clear, lassie,
’Mang birks and braes, where wild deer
stray
Oh, come wi’ me, and see, lassie.”

“I winna gang wi’ thee, laddie,
I tell’d ye sae afore, Jamie;
Till free consent my parents gi’e.
I canna gang wi’ thee, Jamie.”

“But when ye’re wed to me, Jeanie,
Then they will forgi’e, lassie;
How can ye be sae cauld to me,
Wha’s lo’ed ye weel and lang, lassie.”

“No sae lang as them, laddie,
No sae lang as them, Jamie;
A grief to them I wadna be,
No for the Duke himsel’, Jamie.

“We’ll save our penny free, laddie,
To keep frae poortith free, Jamie;
An’ then their blessing they will gi’e
Baith to you and me, Jamie.”

“Huntingtower is mine, lassie,
Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie;
Huntingtower an’ Blairnagower,
An’ a’ that’s mine is thine, Jeanie!”

SLIGHTED LOVE

LXXXVIII

SLIGHTED LOVE

(ALEXANDER BALFOUR)

THE rosebud blushing to the morn,
The snaw-white flower that scents the thorn,
When on thy gentle bosom worn,
 Were ne'er sae fair as thee, Mary!
How blest was I, a little while,
To deem that bosom free frae guile;
When, fondly sighing, thou wouldst smile;
 Yes, sweetly smile on me, Mary!

Though gear was scant, an' friends were few,
My heart was leal, my love was true;
I blest your e'en of heavenly blue,
 That glanced sae soft on me, Mary!
But wealth has won your heart frae me;
Yet I maun ever think of thee;
May a' the bliss that gowd can gi'e,
 For ever wait on thee, Mary!

For me, nae mair on earth I crave,
But that yon dripping willow wave
Its branches o'er my early grave,
 Forgot by love, an' thee, Mary!

THE MOON WAS A-WANING

An' when that hallow'd spot you tread,
Where wild-flowers bloom above my head,
Oh look not on my grassy bed,
Lest thou shouldst sigh for me, Mary!

LXXXIX

THE MOON WAS A-WANING

(JAMES HOGG)

THE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task,
The sad tidings to tell you!
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan
Lies the corpse of your lover!

XC

BLAW SAFTLY, YE BREEZES

(JAMES NICOL)

BLAW saftly, ye breezes, ye streams, smoothly
murmur,

Ye sweet-scented blossoms, deck every
green tree;

'Mong your wild scatter'd flow'rets aft
wanders my charmer,

The sweet lovely lass wi' the black rollin'
e'e.

But round me let nature a wilderness seem,
Blast each flow'ret that catches the sun's
early beam,

For pensive I ponder, and languishin' wander,
Far frae the sweet rosebud on Quair's wind-
in' stream!

Why, Heaven, wring my heart wi' the hard
heart o' anguish?

Why torture my bosom 'tween hope and
despair?

When absent frae Nancy, I ever maun lan-
guish!

That dear angel smile, shall it charm me
nae mair?

RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGHLAND MEN

Since here life's a desert, an' pleasure's a
dream,
Bear me swift to those banks which are ever
my theme,
Where, mild as the mornin' at simmer's
returnin',
Blooms the sweet lovely rosebud on Quair's
windin' stream.

XCI

RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGH-
LAND MEN

(JAMES HOGG)

RISE! rise! Lowland and Highland men;
Bald sire and beardless son, each come, and
early:
Rise! rise! mainland and island men,
Belt on your broadswords and fight for
Prince Charlie!
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,
Out from the clachen, the bothy, and shieling;
Bugle and battle-drum
Bid chief and vassal come;
Loudly on bagpipes the pibroch are pealing.
Rise! rise! etc.

RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGHLAND MEN

Men of the mountains! descendants of
heroes!

Heirs of the fame and the hills of your
fathers—

Say, shall the Sassenach southron not fear us,
When fierce to the war-peal each plaided
clan gathers?

Long on the trophied walls
Of our ancestral halls

Rust hath been blunting the armor of Albin:
Seize, then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,

Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadal-
bine.

Rise! rise! etc.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the bonnet blue crest the dis-
loyal?

Up, then, and crowd to the standard of
Stuart!

Follow your hero, the rightful, the royal.
Come, Chief of Clanronald,
And gallant M'Donald;

Come Lovat, Lochiel, with the Grant and
the Gordon;

Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man;

Musket on shoulder, and thigh the broad-
sword on!

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN

Rise! rise! Lowland and Highland men,
Bald sire and beardless son, each come, and
early;
Rise! rise! mainland and island men,
Belt on your broadswords and fight for
Prince Charlie!

XCII

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN

(JAMES HOGG)

COULD this ill world ha'e been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might ha'e lived
Retired from a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case
That man maun ha'e this crazing crony;
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
Oh, had she no been made sae bonny!

I might ha'e roam'd wi' cheerfu' mind,
Nae sin or sorrow to betide me,
As careless as the wandering wind,
As happy as the lamb beside me.
I might ha'e screw'd my tunefu' pegs,
And caroll'd mountain airs fu' gaily,
Had we but wanted a' the Megs
Wi' glossy e'en sae dark and wily.

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER

I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
And gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,
O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony,
Sin' e'er I saw that gawky queen,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

XCIII

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER

(SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.)

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting-fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow;
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

XCIV

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

(LADY NAIRNE)

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's
great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the
state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' woin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd and as gude as
new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily—
And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cock-
pen."

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower
wine,
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbon, and gaed awa'
down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her
know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said
"Na";
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through
the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had
said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll
get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the Lady were
seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on
the green;

OH, BLAW, YE WESTLIN' WINDS

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit
hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at
Cockpen.

XCV

OH, BLAW, YE WESTLIN' WINDS!

(JOHN HAMILTON)

OH, blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees!
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink of her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae pass'd atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa'!
The Powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That name can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean.

XCVI

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH

(MRS. GRANT OF CARRON)

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best o' onie;
But, ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carl, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, etc.

Oh, she was a canty quean,
An' weel could dance the Hieland walloch!
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch'
Roy's wife, etc.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie!
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, etc.

OH, MY LOVE, LEAVE ME NOT

XCVII

OH, MY LOVE, LEAVE ME NOT

(MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN)

OH, my love, leave me not!
Oh, my love, leave me not!
Oh, my love, leave me not!
Lonely and weary.

Could you but stay a while,
And my fond fears beguile,
I yet once more could smile,
Lightsome and cheery.

Night, with her darkest shroud,
Tempests that roar aloud,
Thunders that burst the cloud,
Why should I fear ye?

Till the sad hour we part,
Fear cannot make me start;
Grief cannot break my heart
Whilst thou art near me.

Should you forsake my sight,
Day would to me be night;
Sad I would shun its light,
Heartless and weary.

FAREWEEL, O FAREWEEL!

XCVIII

FAREWEEL, O FAREWEEL!

(LADY NAIRNE)

FAREWEEL, O fareweel!
My heart it is sair;
Fareweel, O fareweel!
I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,
Lang, lang—but nae mair;
I maunna repine,
But my heart it is sair.

His staff's at the wa',
Toom, toom is his chair!
His bannet, an' a'!
An' I maun be here!

But oh! he's at rest,
Why sud I complain?
Gin my soul be blest,
I'll meet him again.

Oh, to meet him again,
Where hearts ne'er were sair!
Oh, to meet him again,
To part never mair!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

XCIX

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

(THOMAS CAMPBELL)

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgoyle,
This dark and stormy weather?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
Three days' we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonnie bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

“And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her;
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

C

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

(LADY NAIRNE)

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER CAULD

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward-away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily;
Come, life and light.

CI

GANE WERE BUT THE WINTER
CAULD

(ALLAN CUNNINGHAM)

GANE were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Whare primroses blaw.

THE MAID OF MY HEART

Cauld's the snow at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mother dear:
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

CII

THE MAID OF MY HEART

(JAMES HOME)

WHEN the maid of my heart, with the dark
rolling eye,
The only beloved of my bosom is nigh,
I ask not of heaven one bliss to impart,
Save that which I feel with the maid of
my heart.

When around and above us there's naught
to be seen,
But the moon on the sky and the flower on
green,
And all is at rest in the glen and the hill,
Save the soul-stirring song of the breeze and
the rill;

GLENARA

Then the maid of my heart to my bosom is
press'd,
Then all I hold dear in this world is pos-
sessed;
Then I ask not of heaven one bliss to im-
part,
Save that which I feel with the maid of my
heart.

CIII

GLENARA

(THOMAS CAMPBELL)

OH! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the
gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping
and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to
her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and
shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not
aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded
around;
They march'd all in silence, they look'd on
the ground.

GLENARA

In silence they reach'd, over mountain and
moor,
To a heath when the oak-tree grew lonely
and hoar;
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her
cairn;
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the
stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my
spouse!
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye
your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain. No answer is
made.
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger dis-
play'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her
shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful
and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did
seem.
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream."

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I
ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady
was seen;

GLENARA

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder
in scorn—

'Twas the youth who had loved the fair
Ellen of Lorn:

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous
chief;

On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem.
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the
ground,

And the desert reveal'd where his lady was
found;

From a rock of the ocean that beauty is
borne—

Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

DONALD AND FLORA

CIV

DONALD AND FLORA

(HECTOR MACNEILL)

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sadd'ning to Mora:
Loose flowed her yellow hair,
Quick heaved her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

“Loud howls the stormy West,
Cold, cold is winter's blast;
Haste, then, O Donald, haste,
 Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since on a foreign shore
You promised to fight no more,
 But meet me in Mora.

“‘Where now is Donald dear?’
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
‘Say, is he still sincere
 To his loved Flora?’

DONALD AND FLORA

Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone:
Ah, Flora! thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

"Come, then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay;
Where can my rover stray
From his loved Flora!
Ah! sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me;
Oh, Heav'ns!—is not yonder he,
Bounding o'er Mora!"

"Never, ah! wretched fair!"
Sigh'd the sad messenger,
"Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold as yon mountains snow
Donald thy love lies low;
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

"Well fought our gallant men
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.

DONALD AND FLORA

But, ah! though our foes did flee,
Sad was such victory—
Youth, love, and loyalty
Fell far from Mora.

“‘Here, take this love-wrought plaid,’
Donald, expiring, said;
‘Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell!
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora.’”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair;
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh’d out, “Poor Flora!
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!”
Was all the fond heart could say:
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

BONNIE LASSIE

CV

BONNIE LASSIE

(ROBERT ALLAN)

BONNIE lassie, blythesome lassie,
Sweet's the sparkling o' thine e'e;
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

Fondly wooing, fondly sueing,
Let me love, nor love in vain;
Fate shall never fond hearts sever,
Hearts still bound by true love's chain.

Fancy dreaming, hope bright beaming,
Shall each day life's feast renew;
Ours the treasure, ours the pleasure,
Still to live and love more true.

Mirth and folly, joys unholy,
Never shall our thoughts employ;
Smiles inviting, hearts uniting,
Love and bliss without alloy.

Bonnie lassie, blythesome lassie,
Sweet's the sparkling o' thine e'e;
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE

CVI

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE

(HECTOR MACNEILL)

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane,
He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak' me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou',
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land and their lordly degree;
I carena for aught but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me;
His words are sae sugar'd and sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!
I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear—
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?"

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE

Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

“O Marion! the heart that is true,
Has something mair costly than gear!
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye wardlings! gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and
door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!”

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Wae's me! can I tak' it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
And this nicht I'm Jamie's for life!

TELL ME, JESSIE, TELL ME WHY?

CVII

TELL ME, JESSIE, TELL ME WHY?

(JOHN HAMILTON)

TELL me, Jessie, tell me why
My fond suit you still deny?
Is your bosom cold as snow?
Did you never feel for woe?
Can you hear, without a sigh,
Him complain who for you could die?
If you ever shed a tear,
Hear me, Jessie, hear, O hear!

Life to me is not more dear
Than the hour brings Jessie here;
Death so much I do not fear
As the parting moments near.
Summer smiles are not so sweet
As the bloom upon your cheek;
Nor the crystal dew so clear
As your eyes to me appear.

These are part of Jessie's charms,
Which the bosom ever warms;
But the charms by which I'm stung,
Come, O Jessie, from thy tongue!

KINRARA

Jessie, be no longer coy;
Let me taste a lover's joy;
With your hand remove the dart,
And heal the wound that's in my heart.

CVIII

KINRARA

(ROBERT COUPER, M.D.)

RED gleams the sun on yon hill-tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The lav'rock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheerie,
And I sit weeping by the birk:
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie.

I WINNA GANG BACK TO MY MAMMY AGAIN

CIX

I WINNA GANG BACK TO MY MAMMY
AGAIN

(RICHARD GALL)

I WINNA gang back to my mammy again,
I'll never gae back to my mammy again;
I've held by her apron these aught years an'
ten,

But I'll never gang back to my mammy
again.

I've held by her apron, etc.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to
woo,

Wi' plaidie sae bonnie, an' bannet sae blue:
"O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"
An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.

"O come awa', lassie, etc.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his doo,
An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o'
my mou' ;

While I fell on his bosom heart-flicher'd an' fain,
An' sigh'd out, "O, Johnnie, I'll aye be your
ain!"

While I fell on his bosom, etc.

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E

Some lasses will talk to their lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really
dree;

Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stapping-stane,
Sae I'll never gae back to my mammy again.

Wi' Johnnie I stood, etc.

For many lang year sin' I play'd on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years an'
ten,

But I'll never gang back to my mammy
again.

I've held by her apron, etc.

CX

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E

(RICHARD GALL)

Now bank an' brae are clad in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing;
By Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
There let my Mary meet wi' me,
There catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e.

TO AURELIA

The chiel' wha boasts o' warld's wealth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
An' Fortune canna gie me mair.
Then let me stray by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e.

CXI

TO AURELIA

(JOHN LEYDEN, M.D.)

ONE kind kiss, my love, before
We bid a long adieu!
Ah! let not this fond heart deplore
Thy cold cheek's pallid hue.

One soft, sweet smile before I go!
That fancy may repeat,
And whisper, 'mid the sighs of woe,
My love, we yet shall meet.

One dear embrace, and then we part—
We part to meet no more!
I bear a sad and lonely heart
To pine on India's shore.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, MY SWEET BETTY

A heart that once had loved like mine,
No second love can know!
A heart that once has throbb'd with thine.
Must other love forego.

CXII

BLINK OVER THE BURN, MY SWEET
BETTY

(ROBERT ALLAN)

BLINK over the burn, my sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn, love, to me;
O, long ha'e I look'd, my dear Betty,
To get but a blink o' thine e'e.
The birds are a' sporting around us,
And sweetly they sing on the tree;
But the voice o' my bonnie sweet Betty,
I trow, is far dearer to me.

The ringlets, my lovely young Betty,
That wave o'er thy bonnie e'ebree,
I'll twine wi' the flowers o' the mountain,
That blossom sae sweetly, like thee.
Then come o'er the burn, my sweet Betty,
Come over the burn, love, to me;
O, sweet is the bliss, my dear Betty,
To live in the blink o' thine e'e.

ELLEN

CXIII

ELLEN

(WILLIAM GILLESPIE)

THE moon shone in fits,
And the tempest was roaring,
The Storm Spirit shriek'd,
And the fierce rain was pouring;
Alone in her chamber,
Fair Ellen sat sighing,
The tapers burn'd dim,
And the embers were dying.

“The drawbridge is down,
That spans the wide river;
Can tempest divide,
Whom death cannot sever?
Unclosed is the gate,
And those arms long to fold thee,
'Tis midnight, my love;
O say, what can hold thee?”

But scarce flew her words,
When the bridge reft asunder,
The horseman was crossing,
'Mid lightning and thunder,

ELLEN

And loud was the yell,
As he plunged in the billow,
That maid knew it well,
As she sprung from her pillow.

She scream'd o'er the wall,
But no help was beside her;
And thrice to her view
Rose the horse and his rider.
She gazed at the moon,
But the dark cloud pass'd over;
She plunged in the stream,
And she sank to her lover.

Say, what is that flame,
O'er the midnight deep beaming?
And whose are those forms,
In the wan moonlight gleaming?
That flame gilds the wave,
Which their pale corpses cover;
And those forms are the ghosts
Of the maid and her lover.

CXIV

MY LASSIE WI' THE SUNNY LOCKS

(ALLAN CUNNINGHAM)

My lassie wi' the sunny locks
Dwells in a moorlan' ha';
Oh! the flower of the wilderness
Blooms fairest flower of a',
When there's nought save the dew
In its bosom to fa'.

My love's the balmy seed
Of the garden's sweetest flower,
Nursed up in fragrant beauty
By the golden sun and shower;
And nane save the wild birds
Ken o' its power.

Oh! lightsome are her looks
And as sweet as sweet can be,
She is the light of morning
In ilka bodie's ee;
And a drap o' dearest blood
In this bosom to me.

THE LOVELY MAID OF ORMADALE

A maid of eighteen's kindest,
A maid of eighteen's best,
She's like the merle's gorlin
Stown out of the nest,
That sings aye the sweeter
The mair it is carest.

Oh! sixteen's a honey pear
Beginning for to blaw,
And seventeen is drop-ripe,
And tempting witha';
And eighteen is pou't
If ye e'er pou't ava'.

CXV

THE LOVELY MAID OF ORMADALE

(ROBERT ALLAN)

WHEN sets the sun o'er Lomond's height,
To blaze upon the western wave;
When peace and love possess the grove,
And echo sleeps within the cave;
Led by love's soft endearing charms,
I stray the pathless winding vale,
And hail the hour that gives to me
The lovely maid of Ormadale.

THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS

Her eyes outshine the star of night,
Her cheeks the morning's rosy hue;
And pure as flower in summer shade,
Low bending in the pearly dew:
Nor flower sae fair and lovely pure,
Shall fate's dark wintry winds assail;
As angel-smile she aye will be
Dear to the bowers of Ormadale.

Let fortune soothe the heart of care,
And wealth to all its votaries give;
Be mine the rosy smile of love,
And in its blissful arms to live
I would resign fair India's wealth,
And sweet Arabia's spicy gale,
For balmy eve and Scotian bower,
With thee, loved maid of Ormadale.

CXVI

THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS

(WILLIAM NICHOLSON)

WILL ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary,
And visit our haughs and our glens?
There's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlan's,
That lass i' th' Lowlands ne'er kens.

THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS

'Tis true we've few cowslips or roses,
Nae lilies grow wild on the lea;
But the heather its sweet scent discloses,
And the daisy's as sweet to the e'e.

See yon far heathy hills, whare they're risin',
Whose summits are shaded wi' blue;
There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',
Or feedin' their fawns, love, for you.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin',
Whan shepherds return frae the hill,
Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon',
While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill.

Right sweet are the low-setting sunbeams,
That point owre that quivering stream;
But sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,
And kinder the blinks o' her een.

JENNY'S BAWBEE

CXVII

JENNY'S BAWBEE

(SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.)

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang;
I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,
 Wha's they I see?
Quoth he, ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel'
Thinks himsel' cunnin' as the deil,
And here they cam' awa' to steal
 Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lined skull, but back weel clade,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee:
Quoth he, My goodness, nymph; and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my e'en!
Though ne'er a beauty he had seen
 But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up
Wi' bawsint naig and siller whup;
Cried—There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
 Or tie it to a tree.

JENNY'S BAWBEE

What's gowd to me? I've wealth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han':
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab;
O ilka ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could
drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae from the washin
tubs,
A fool came neist; but life has rubs;
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he:
He danced up squintin' through a glass,
And grinn'd, i' faith, a bonnie lass!
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bada the laird gae kaim his wig,
The sodger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig;
The fool he cried, Te-hee!

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'

I kenn'd that I could never fail!
But she pinn'd the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him frae the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie came, a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence,
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.

Now Johnnie was a clever chiel',
And here his suit he press'd sae weel
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she bir'd her bawbee.

CXVIII

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'

(SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.)

GOOD-NIGHT, and joy be wi' ye a',
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain;
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wand'rer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be gude and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see ye shine;
I'll see ye triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'!

O! WILL YE GO TO YON BURN SIDE?

CXIX

O! WILL YE GO TO YON BURN SIDE?

(WILLIAM NICHOLSON)

O! will ye go to yon burn side,
Amang the new-made hay;
And sport upon the flowery swaird,
My ain dear May?
The sun blinks blythe on yon burn side,
Where lambkins lightly play,
The wild bird whistles to his mate,
My ain dear May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
Shall shield us in the bower,
Whare I'll pu' a posy for my May,
O' mony a bonnie flower.
My father maws ayont the burn,
My mammy spins at hame;
And should they see thee here wi' me,
I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
What troubles it await—
Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
The fause bird lea'es its mate.

O! WILL YE GO TO YON BURN SIDE?

The flowers will fade, the woods decay,
And lose their bonnie green;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'er cast,
Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
So love is in its noon:
But cankering time may soil the flower,
And spoil its bonnie bloom.
Oh, come then, while the summer shines,
And love is young and gay;
Ere age his withering, wintry blast
Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,
Or hand the halesome plough;
And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
And prove aye leal and true.
The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,
She had nae mair to say,
But ga'e her hand and walk'd alang,
The youthfu', bloomin' May.

MY BONNIE LASSIE

CXX

MY BONNIE LASSIE

(ALLAN CUNNINGHAM)

LET the table be spread,
Bring me wine of the rarest
And fill me a cup:
Here's the health of the fairest!
The ladies of Nithsdale
Are stately and saucie,
But there's nane o' them a'
Like my Bonnie Lassie.

She has nae broad lands
To maintain her in grandeur,
Nor jewels to light all
The kirk with their splendour;
But Nature has made her
Sae lovesome and gaucie,
That a grey gown's enough
For sae bonnie a lassie.

Her forehead is clearer
Than Nith when it's sunny,
Her bright laughing een
Amang lads are uncanny;

THE BONNIE BARK

Her lang, clustering love-locks—
Here, fill me the tassie:
There's nane of them a'
Like my Bonnie Lassie.

I am drunk wi' her love,
And forget in her presence,
But that she's divine,
And I owe her obeisance;
And I saunter at eve,
Though the big rain be falling,
And count myself blest
With a sight of her dwelling.

CXXI

THE BONNIE BARK

(ALLAN CUNNINGHAM)

O COME, my bonnie bark!
O'er the waves let us go,
With thy neck like the swan,
And thy wings like the snow.
Spread thy plumes to the wind,
For a gentle one soon
Must welcome us home,
Ere the wane of the moon.

THE BONNIE BARK

The proud oak that built thee
Was nursed in the dew,
Where my gentle one dwells,
And stately it grew.
I hew'd its beauty down;
Now it swims on the sea,
And wafts spice and perfume,
My fair one, to thee.

Oh, sweet, sweet's her voice,
As a low warbled tune;
And sweet, sweet her lips,
Like the rosebud of June.
She looks to sea, and sighs,
As the foamy wave flows,
And treads on men's strength,
As in glory she goes.

Oh haste, my bonnie bark,
O'er the waves let us bound,
As the deer from the horn,
Or the hare from the hound.
Pluck down thy white plumes
Sink thy keel in the sand,
Whene'er ye see my love,
And the wave of her hand.

OLD SCOTLAND, I LOVE THEE!

CXXII

OLD SCOTLAND, I LOVE THEE!

(ANDREW PARK)

OLD Scotland, I love thee! thou'rt dearer to
me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-
rolling sea;
Though asleep not in sunshine, like island
afar,
Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant
in war!

Thy cloud-cover'd hills that look up from the
seas
Wave sternly their wild woods aloft in the
breeze;
Where flies the bold eagle in freedom on high,
Through regions of cloud in its wild native
sky!

For old Scotland, I love thee! etc.

O name not the land where the olive-tree
grows,
Nor the land of the shamrock, nor land of
the rose;

AN AUTUMN WIND

But show me the thistle that waves his
proud head

O'er heroes whose blood for their country
was shed.

For old Scotland, I love thee! etc.

Then tell me of bards and of warriors bold,
Who wielded their brands in the battles of
old,

Who conquer'd and died for their loved
native land,

With its maidens so fair, and its mountains
so grand!

For old Scotland, I love thee! etc.

CXXIII

AN AUTUMN WIND

(GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.)

THE autumn winds are sighing
Over land and sea;
The autumn woods are dying
Over hill and lee;
And my heart is sighing, dying,
Maiden, for thee.

THE MAIDEN FAIR

The autumn clouds are flying
Harmless over me;
The homeless birds are crying
In the naked tree;
And my heart is flying, crying,
Maiden, to thee.

My cries may turn to gladness,
And my flying flee;
My sighs may lose the sadness,
Yet sigh on in me;
All my sadness, all my gladness,
Maiden, rest in thee.

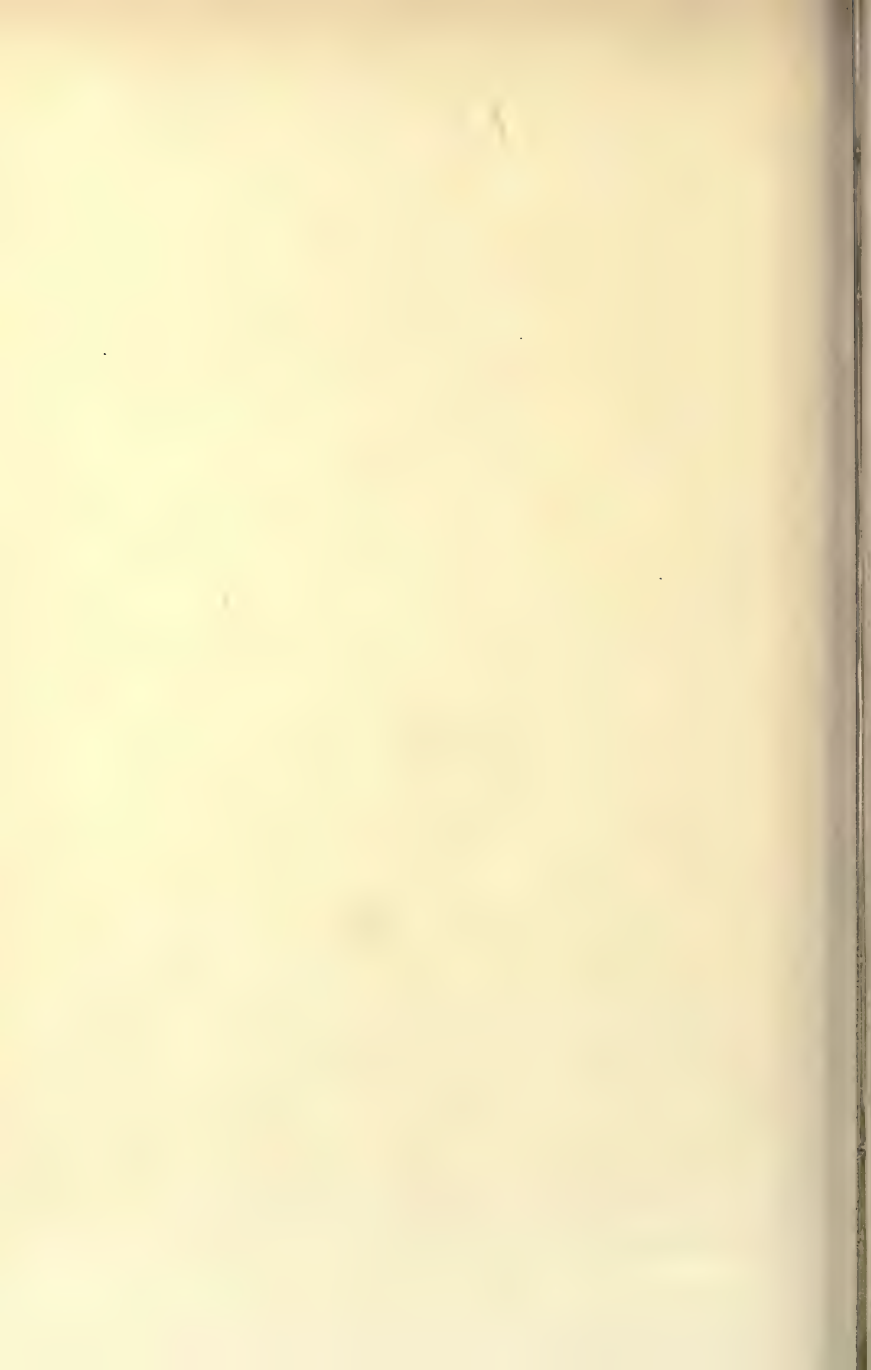
CXXIV

THE MAIDEN FAIR

(JOHN WRIGHT)

THE moon hung o'er the gay greenwood,
The greenwood o'er the mossy stream,
That roll'd in rapture's wildest mood,
And flutter'd in the fairy beam.
Through light clouds flash'd the fitful gleam
O'er hill and dell,—all Nature lay
Wrapp'd in enchantment, like the dream
Of her that charm'd my homeward way!





FARE THEE WEEL

Long had I mark'd thee, maiden fair!
And drunk of bliss from thy dark eye,
And still, to feed my fond despair,
Bless'd thy approach, and, passing by,
I turn'd me round to gaze and sigh,
In worship wild, and wish'd thee mine,
On that fair breast to live and die,
O'erpowered with transport so divine!

Still sacred be that hour to love,
And dear the season of its birth,
And fair the glade, and green the grove,
Its bowers ne'er droop in wintry dearth
Of melody and woodland mirth!
The hour, the spot, so dear to me!
That wean'd my soul from all on earth,
To be for ever bless'd in thee.

CXXV

FARE THEE WEEL

(GEORGE MENZIES)

FARE thee weel, my bonnie lassie;
Fare thee weel for ever, Jessie!
Though I ne'er again may meet thee,
Tell na me that I'll forget thee.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY

By yon starry heavens I vow it!
By my love!—(I may na rue it)—
By this hour in which we sever!
I will love but thee for ever.

Should the hand of death arrest me,
Think my latest prayer hath blest thee;
As the parting pang draws nearer,
I will love thee aye the dearer.

Still my bosom's love I'll cherish—
'Tis a spark that winna perish;
Though I ne'er again may meet thee,
Tell na me that I'll forget thee.

CXXVI

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET
BETTY

(WILLIAM GLEN)

BLINK over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang along wi' thee;
Though father and mither forbade it,
Forbidden I wadna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang along wi' thee.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY

The cheek o' my love's like the rosebud,
Blushing red wi' the mornin' dew,
Her hair's o' the loveliest auburn,
Her ee's o' the bonniest blue;
Her lips are like threads o' the scarlet,
Disclosing a pearly row;
Her high-swelling, love-heaving bosom
Is white as the mountain snow.

But it isna her beauty that hauds me,
A glitterin' chain winna lang bind;
'Tis her heavenly seraph-like sweetness,
An' the graces adornin' her mind;
She's dear to my soul as the sunbeam
Is dear to the summer's morn,
An' she says, though her father forbade it,
She'll ne'er break the vows she has sworn.

Her father's a canker'd auld carle,
He swears he will ne'er gi'e consent;
Such carles should never get daughters,
Unless they can mak' them content;
But she says, though her father forbade it,
Forbidden she winna be;
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
An' I'll gang along wi' thee.

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER

CXXVII

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER

(JOHN STUART BLACKIE)

A SPRIG of white heather I pluck'd on the
brae;

To whom shall I give it?

To whom shall I give it?

Not to the sportive, the light, and the gay,
Not to Jessie with flashing display,
In the flush of June, when the roses are out,
Flinging her frolicsome fancies about;

But beautiful Phoebe, to thee, to thee,
Thou deep-thoughted Phoebe, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I pluck'd on the
brae;

To whom shall I give it?

To whom shall I give it?

Not to the haughty, the high, and the proud,
Not to Clotilda, who sails through the
crowd

With a lofty look and a fine disdain,
As if all were born to hold her train;

But beautiful Phoebe, to thee, to thee,
Thou mild-eyed Phoebe, to thee!

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER

A sprig of white heather I pluck'd on the
brae;

To whom shall I give it?

To whom shall I give it?

Not to the clever, the keen, and the knowing,
With eye never resting, and tongue ever
going,

Not to Rebecca, who all has read

That goes, and goes not into her head;

But beautiful Phoebe, to thee, to thee,
Thou silently-loving, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I pluck'd on the
brae;

To whom shall I give it?

To whom shall I give it?

I'll give it to one, or I'll give it to none,

I'll give it to Phoebe, my beautiful one;

The rare white bloom that peeps from the
brae

So chaste and so pure 'mid the purple dis-
play;

It grew, dear Phoebe, for thee, for thee,

Thou rarest and fairest, for thee!

CXXVIII

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN

(ALEXANDER RODGER)

How brightly beams the bonnie moon,
Frae out the azure sky;
While ilka little star aboon
Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
How calm the eve, how blest the hour!
How soft the sylvan scene!
How fit to meet thee, lovely flower,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

Now let us wander through the broom,
And o'er the flowery lea;
While simmer wafts her rich perfume,
Frae yonder hawthorn tree:
There, on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae aften been;
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast—
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

How sweet to view that face so meek—
That dark expressive eye—
To kiss that lovely blushing cheek—
Those lips of coral dye!

HEIGH-HO!

But O! to hear thy seraph strains,
Thy maiden sighs between,
Makes rapture thrill through all my veins—
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

O! what to us is wealth or rank?
Or what is pomp or power?
More dear this velvet mossy bank—
This blest, ecstatic hour!
I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
Nor diamond-studded queen,
While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

CXXIX

HEIGH-HO!

(DAVID MACBETH MOIR)

A PRETTY young maiden sat on the grass—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And by a blythe young shepherd did pass,
In the summer morning so early.
Said he, "My lass, will you go with me,
My cot to keep, and my bride to be;
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
And I will love you rarely?"

HEIGH-HO!

“O! no, no, no!” the maiden said—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And bashfully turn'd aside her head,
On that summer morning so early.
“My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale;
I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely.”

The shepherd took her lily-white hand—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.
“Thy mother I ask thee not to leave
Alone in her frail old age to grieve;
But my home can hold us all, believe—
Will that not please thee fairly?”

“O! no, no, no! I am all too young”—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
“I dare not list to a young man's tongue
On a summer morning so early.”
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go, but she never went;
And at length she fondly blush'd consent—
Heaven bless true lovers so fairly.

HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS

CXXX

HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS

(ANDREW PARK)

HURRAH for the Highlands! the stern Scot-
tish Highlands,
The home of the clansman, the brave, and
the free;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the moun-
tain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the
breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er
the seas
In his fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous
night.

Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine,
and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on
high;

SEE THE MOON

For there it has might than can war with
its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the
sky.

Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on
its charms;

I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of
the sea;

But the Highlands alone the true Scottish
heart warms—

For her heather is blooming, her eagles are
free!

Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

CXXXI

SEE THE MOON

(DANIEL WEIR)

SEE the moon o'er cloudless Jura
Shining in the lake below;

See the distant mountain tow'ring
Like a pyramid of snow.

Scenes of grandeur—scenes of childhood—
Scenes so dear to love and me!

Let us roam by bower and wildwood—
All is lovelier when with thee.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing;
All is silent in the grove;
And the flow'rs, with dew-drops glist'ning,
Sparkle like the eye of love.
Night so calm, so dear, so cloudless;
Blessed night to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and fountain—
All is lovelier when with thee.

CXXXII

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK

(ALEXANDER RODGER)

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wad na gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane,
But, guid sake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet,
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, bluid, flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten before folk.

I CANNA SLEEP

CXXXIII

I CANNA SLEEP

(WILLIAM ANDERSON)

I CANNA sleep a wink, lassie,
When I gang to bed at night,
But still o' thee I think, lassie,
Till morning sheds its light.
I lie an' think o' thee, lassie,
And I toss frae side to side,
Like a vessel on the sea, lassie,
When stormy is the tide.

My heart is no my ain, lassie,
It winna bide wi' me;
Like a birdie it has gane, lassie,
To nestle soft wi' thee.
I canna lure it back, lassie,
Sae keep it to yoursel';
But oh! it sune will break, lassie,
If you dinna use it well.

Where the treasure is, they say, lassie,
The spirit lingers there;
An' mine has fled away, lassie—
You needna ask me where.

NANNY

I marvel oft if rest, lassie,
On my eyes and heart would bide,
If I thy troth possess'd, lassie,
And thou wert at my side.

CXXXIV

NANNY

(ALEXANDER HUME)

THERE'S mony a flower beside the rose,
And sweets beside the honey;
But laws maun change ere life disclose
A flower or sweet like Nanny.
Her ee is like the summer sun,
When clouds can no conceal it,
Ye're blind if it ye look upon,
Oh! mad if ere ye feel it.

I've mony bonnie lassies seen,
Baith blythesome, kind, an' canny;
But oh! the day had never been
I've seen another Nanny!
She's like the mavis in her song,
Amang the brakens bloomin';
Her lips ope to an angel's tongue,
But kiss her, oh! she's woman.



GLOSSARY

Aboon, above.

A-low, on fire.

Auld-farrant, sagacious.

Aumry, a store-place.

Ava, at all.

Ayont, beyond.

Ban, to swear.

Bang, to change place hastily.

Bangster, a violent person.

Baudrons, a cat.

Bauld, bold.

Baum, balm.

Bawbee, halfpenny.

Bawks, the cross-beams of a roof.

Bawsint, a white spot on the forehead of cow or horse.

Bawtie, name for a dog.

Beild, shelter.

Bein, good, suitable.

Beltane, the first of May, old style.

Ben, the spence or parlor.

Beuk, book.

Bicker, a drinking-vessel.

Bink, a bank of earth.

Birk, birch.

Blac, blue.

Blethers, nonsensical talk.

Blewart, a flower, the blue-bottle, witch bells.

GLOSSARY

- Blinket*, looked kindly.
Bob, nosegay, bunch, or tuft; also to courtesy.
Bobbin, a weaver's quill or pirn.
Boddle, an old Scottish coin—value the third of a half-penny.
Boggie, a marsh.
Bonspiel, a match at curling, golf, or football.
Bonnie, beautiful.
Bourtree, the elder-tree or shrub.
Brag, vaunt.
Braggin, boasting.
Braken, the fern.
Braw, gaily dressed.
Bree, the eyebrow.
Brochin, oatmeal boiled in water till somewhat thicker than gruel.
Brogues, shoes made of sheepskin.
Bught, a pen for sheep.
Burn, a stream.
Burnie, a small rivulet.
Busk, to attire one's self.
Buskit, dressed tidily.
Buss, bush.
Byke, a bee-hive.
- Cairny*, heap of stones.
Caller, cool.
Camstrarie, cross and unmanageable.
Cantie, cheerful.
Cantrips, spells, charms, incantations.
Cannily, gently.
Carline, an old woman.
Castocks, the pith of stalks of cabbages.
Cauldrife, chilling.
Caw, to drive.

GLOSSARY

- Chanter*, the drone of a bagpipe.
Chap, a blow; also a young fellow.
Chat, talk.
Chuckies, chickens.
Clavering, talking idly.
Cleck, to hatch, to breed.
Cled, clad.
Cleugh, a cliff.
Cleeding, clothing.
Clishmaclavers, idle talk.
Clocksie, vivacious.
Clout, to strike with the hand; also to mend a hole
in clothes or shoes.
Clud, cloud.
Clutch, seize.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cock-up, a hat or cap turned up before.
Coft, purchased.
Cogie, a hollow wooden vessel.
Coof, a fool.
Coost, cast.
Corrie, a hollow in a hill.
Cosie, snug, comfortable.
Couthilie, kindly.
Couthy, frank.
Cower, to crouch, to stoop.
Cowt, a strong stick.
Crack, to converse.
Cranreuch, the hoarfrost.
Creel, a basket.
Croft, a tenement of land.
Croodle, to sing with a low voice.
Croon, to make a plaintive sound.
Crouse, brisk.
Crowdy, meal and cold water, stirred together.

GLOSSARY

- Crusie*, a small iron lamp.
Cuddle, embrace.
Cuiff, a blockhead.
Cuttie, a short pipe.
- Dab*, to peck as birds do.
Daddy, father.
Daff, to make sport.
Daffin', diversion, merry-making.
Dantit, subdued, tamed down.
Daud, a blow.
Daunder, to walk thoughtlessly.
Daut, caress.
Dautit, fondled.
Dawtie, a pet, a darling.
Dighted, wiped.
Dirdum, tumult.
Disjaskit, having appearance of decay.
Doit, a small coin.
Doited, stupid.
Donnart, stupefied.
Doo, dove.
Dool, grief.
Doops, dives down.
Dorty, a foolish urchin.
Douf, dull, sad.
Dow, wither.
Dowie, sad, worn with grief.
Downa, expressive of inability.
Draigle, draggle.
Dree, suffer, endure.
Dreeping, dripping, wet.
Dreich, tedious.
Dringing, delaying.
Drone, sound of bagpipes.

GLOSSARY

Drucket, drenched.

Drumly, muddy.

Dub, a mire.

Dumpish, short and thick.

Dung, defeated.

Dunt, a knock.

Dwine, dwindle.

Eerie, timorous; dreading things supernatural.

Eident, wary.

Edi, old.

Eithly, easily.

Elf, a puny creature.

Ettled, aimed.

Fradin, farthing.

Fashious, troublesome.

Fauld, a fold.

Fause, false.

Feckly, mostly.

Fend, defend.

Ferlies, remarkable things.

Flate, scolded.

Fleyt, frightened.

Fleeched, flattered, deceived.

Fleechit, cajoled.

Flow, a fragment.

Fogie, a stupid old person.

Forby, besides.

Foumart, a pole-cat.

Fraise, flattery.

Freenge, fringe.

Fremmit, strange, foreign.

Frumish, crumpled.

Fykes, troubles, anxieties.

GLOSSARY

- Gabbin*, jeering.
Gabbit, a person prone to idle talk.
Gaed, went.
Ganger, a pedestrian.
Gar, compel.
Gate, way.
Gaucie, plump, jolly.
Gauds, trinkets.
Gawkie, a foolish female.
Gʻe, give.
Gif, if.
Giggle, unmeaning laughter.
Gilphie, a half-grown person, a romping lad.
Gin, against.
Girse, grass.
Glaikit, stupid.
Glaiks, foolish talk.
Glamour, the influence of a charm.
Glamrie, the power of enchantment.
Glint, a glance.
Gloaming, the evening twilight.
Glower, stare.
Glum, gloomy.
Gowd, gold.
Graffs, graves.
Graith, gear.
Grane, groan.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grat, wept.
Grecie, a little pig.
Gree, agree.
Greet, weep.
Grist, the fee paid at the mill for grinding.
Grit, great.
Grup, grasp.

GLOSSARY

Grusome, frightful.
Gutchir, grandfather.
Gutters, mud, wet dust.

Haddin, a farmer's stock.
Haet, a whit.
Haffit-links, a necklace.
Haffins, nearly half.
Haill, whole.
Hain, save, preserve.
Hap, cover.
Haps, outer garments.
Hauds, holds.
Havens, endowments.
Hecht, called, named.
Heftit, familiarized to a place.
Heuk, reaping-hook.
Hie, high.
Hinkum, that which is put up in hanks or balls, as thread.
Hinnied, honied.
Hinny, honey, a familiar term of affection among the peasantry.
Hirple, to walk haltingly.
Hizzie, *Hussy*, a thoughtless girl.
Hodder, a coarse kind of cloth.
Howe, a hollow.
Howkit, dug.
Howlet, an owl.
Hummel, humble.
Hurkle, to bow down to.
Hyne, hence.

Ilka, each.

GLOSSARY

Jaupit, bespattered.

Jeel, jelly.

Jim, neat, slender.

Kail, cabbages, colewort.

Kaim, comb.

Kebbuck, a cheese.

Keil, red clay, used for marking.

Ken, know.

Kenspeckle, having a singular appearance.

Keust, threw off.

Kilt, to truss up the clothes.

Kipper, salmon salted, hung and dried.

Kith, acquaintance.

Kittle, difficult, uncertain.

Knowe, a hillock.

Kye, cows.

Laigh, low.

Laith, loth.

Leal, faithful, loyal.

Lear, learning.

Leeve, live.

Leeze me, a term of congratulatory endearment.

Lick, wipe, beat.

Lift, the sky.

Litheless, listless.

Loof, the palm of the hand.

Losh, an exclamation of surprise.

Loupin', leaping.

Lowe, flame.

Lowin', burning, warm.

Lucken, a bog.

Lucky A, an old woman.

Lugs, ears.

GLOSSARY

Lum, a chimney.

Luntin, smoking.

Lure, allure.

Lyart, gray-haired.

Mailin, a rent; a rented farm, or market garden.

Mane, moan, complain.

Maukin, a hare.

Maw, to mow, the stomach.

Mawn, mown; a basket.

May, a maiden.

Mense, honor, discretion.

Mickle, much.

Mim, prim, prudish.

Minnie, mother.

Mirk, dark.

Mishanter, a sorry scrape.

Mittens, gloves without fingers.

Mools, the earth of the grave.

Mullin, crumb.

Mutch, a woman's cap.

Muter, multure, ground corn.

Naig, a riding horse.

Neip, a turnip.

Neive, the fist.

Neivefu', a handful.

Newfangled, new fashioned.

Niddered, depressed, stunted.

Niffer, to exchange.

Nip, to pinch.

Nippen, carried off surreptitiously.

Oons, wounds.

Opt, opened.

GLOSSARY

Ouk, a week.

Outower, moreover, out of.

Owre, over.

Owerlay, a cravat

Paitrick, partridge.

Parochin', parish.

Pawkie, cunning.

Perk, pole, perch.

Perlins, women's ornaments.

Pleugh, plough.

Pliskie, a trick.

Poortith, poverty.

Pow, the head.

Pree, to taste, to kiss.

Preed, tasted.

Pu', pull.

Racket, stretched.

Randy, a scold, a shrew.

Rate, beat.

Rax, reach.

Rede, to counsel—advicé, wisdom.

Reefer, river.

Reft, deprived.

Rink, a race, a line.

Rocklay, a short cloak or surplice.

Roke, a distaff; also to swing.

Roose, extol.

Routh, abundance.

Rowes, rolls.

Rummulgumshin, common sense.

Runts, the trunks of trees, the stem of colewort.

Sabbit, sobbed.

GLOSSARY

- Saughs*, willow-trees.
Scant, scarce.
Scartle, a grape, or fork.
Seaur, to scare, a wound.
Scour, search.
Scoured, burnished, ran.
Scowl, to frown.
Scrimpit, contracted.
Scrimply, barely.
Scroggie, abounding with stunted bushes.
Scug, shelter.
Scunner'd, disgusted.
Seer, sure.
Shanks-naigie, to travel on foot.
Shaw, a plantation.
Sheiling, a temporary cottage or hut.
Shiel, a sheep-shed.
Siccan, such.
Sinsyne, after that period.
Skailt, emptied, scattered.
Skeigh, timorous.
Skiffin, moving lightly.
Skipt, went lightly and swiftly along.
Slee, sly.
Sleekit, cunning.
Slockin, to allay thirst.
Smeddum, sagacity.
Smoored, smothered.
Snooded, the hair bound up.
Sough, the breathing a tune; also the sighing of the wind.
Spaewife, a female fortune-teller.
Speer, ask.
Speerin', inquiring.
Spence, a larder.

GLOSSARY

Squinting, looking obliquely.
Staigie, a young horse.
Starn, star.
Steer, stir.
Sud, should.
Sumph, a soft person.
Swankie, a clever young fellow.
Sweir, indolent.
Swiggit, swallowed.
Swither, to hesitate.
Syne, then.

Tane, the one of two.
Tapsle-teerie, topsy-turvy.
Tauld, told.
Ted, toad.
Tent, care.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentin', leading.
Tether, halter.
Thairms, strings.
Theek, thatch.
Teuch, tough.
Thole, to endure.
Thowless, inactive.
Thraw, twist.
Thrawart, froward, perverse.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, lose.
Tint, lost.
Tirl, to uncover.
Tocher, dowry.
Toom, empty.
Toss, toast.
Tont, shout.

GLOSSARY

- Towmond*, a year.
Tramps, vagrants.
Trantlooms, odds and ends.
Trig, neat, trim.
Troth, truth, vow.
Trow, to make believe.
Tryst, appointment.
- Unco*, uncommon.
- Vauntit*, boasted.
- Wae*, sad, sorrowful.
Wabster, weaver.
Wag, shake.
Warsled, wrestled.
Wat, wet; also to know.
Wauken, awaken.
Waukrife, watchful, sleepless.
Waukert, wandered.
Waur, worse.
Wean, a child.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Weel-faur'd, well-favored.
Ween, guess.
Weir, war; also to herd.
Whigmigmorum, political ranting.
Whilk, which.
Whussilt, whistled.
Wile, choice.
Wist, wished.
Wizen, the throat.
Wooster-trystes, wool-markets.

GLOSSARY

Wow, *vow*.

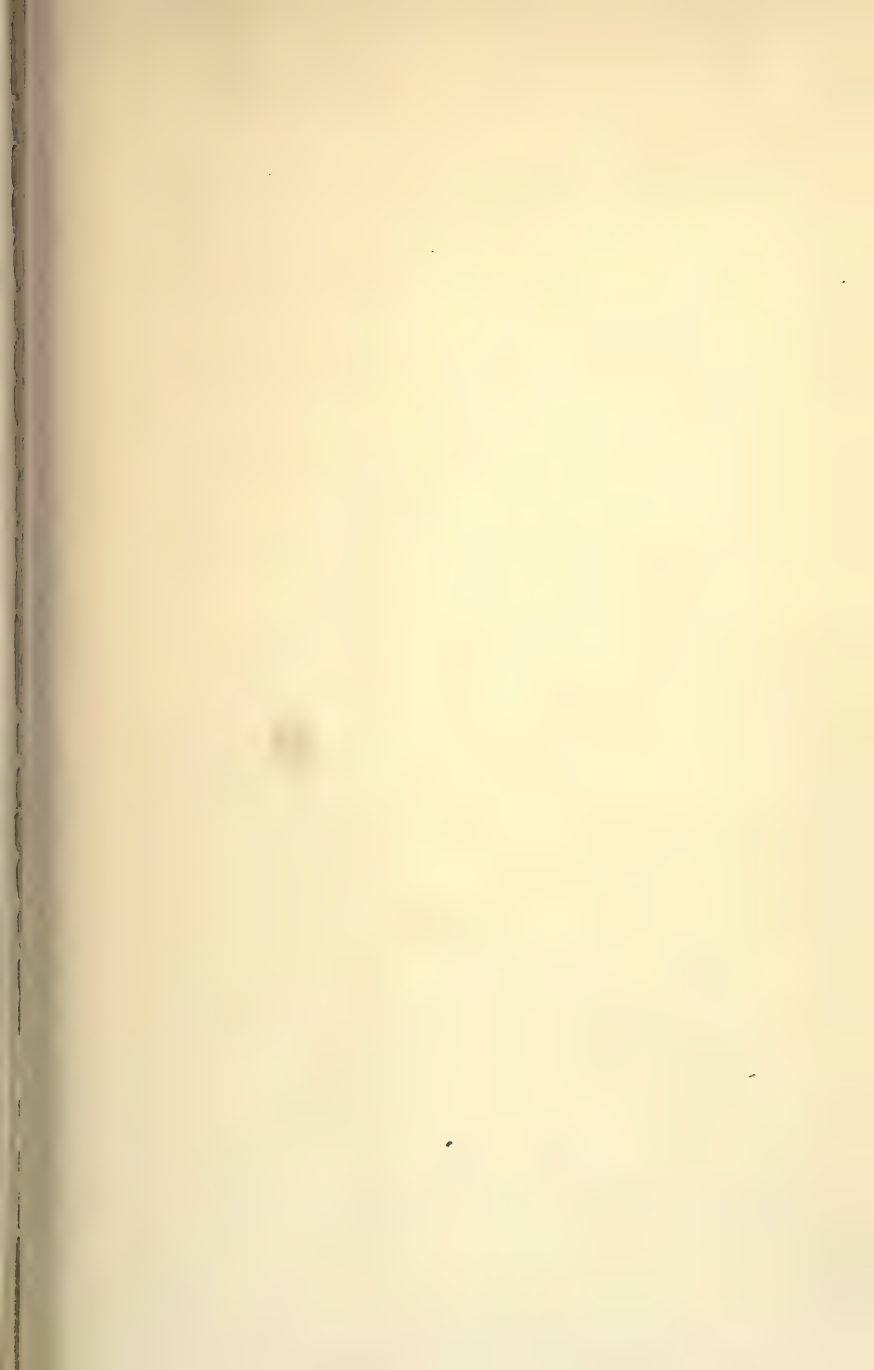
Wysed, inclined.

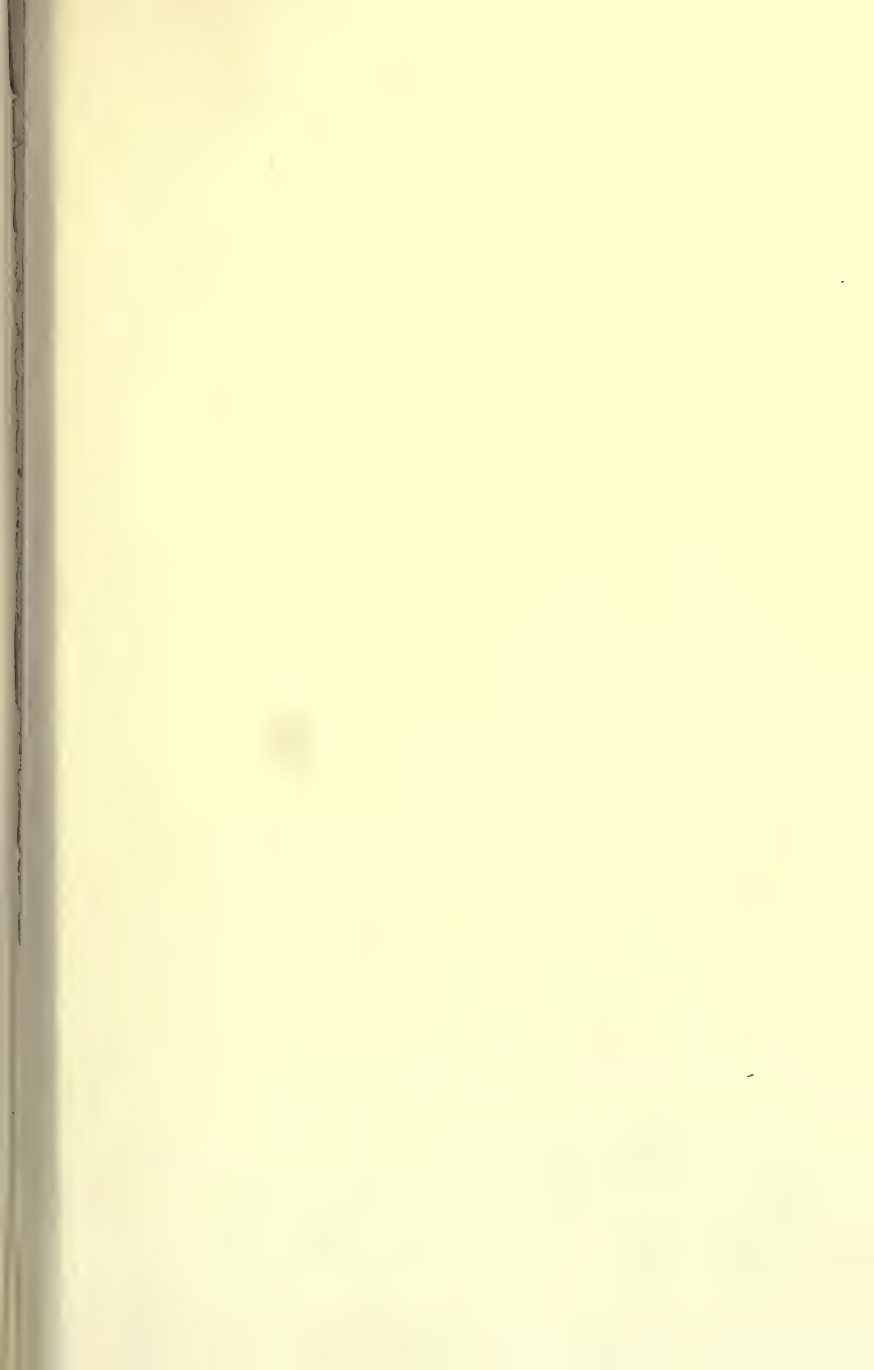
Yate, gate.

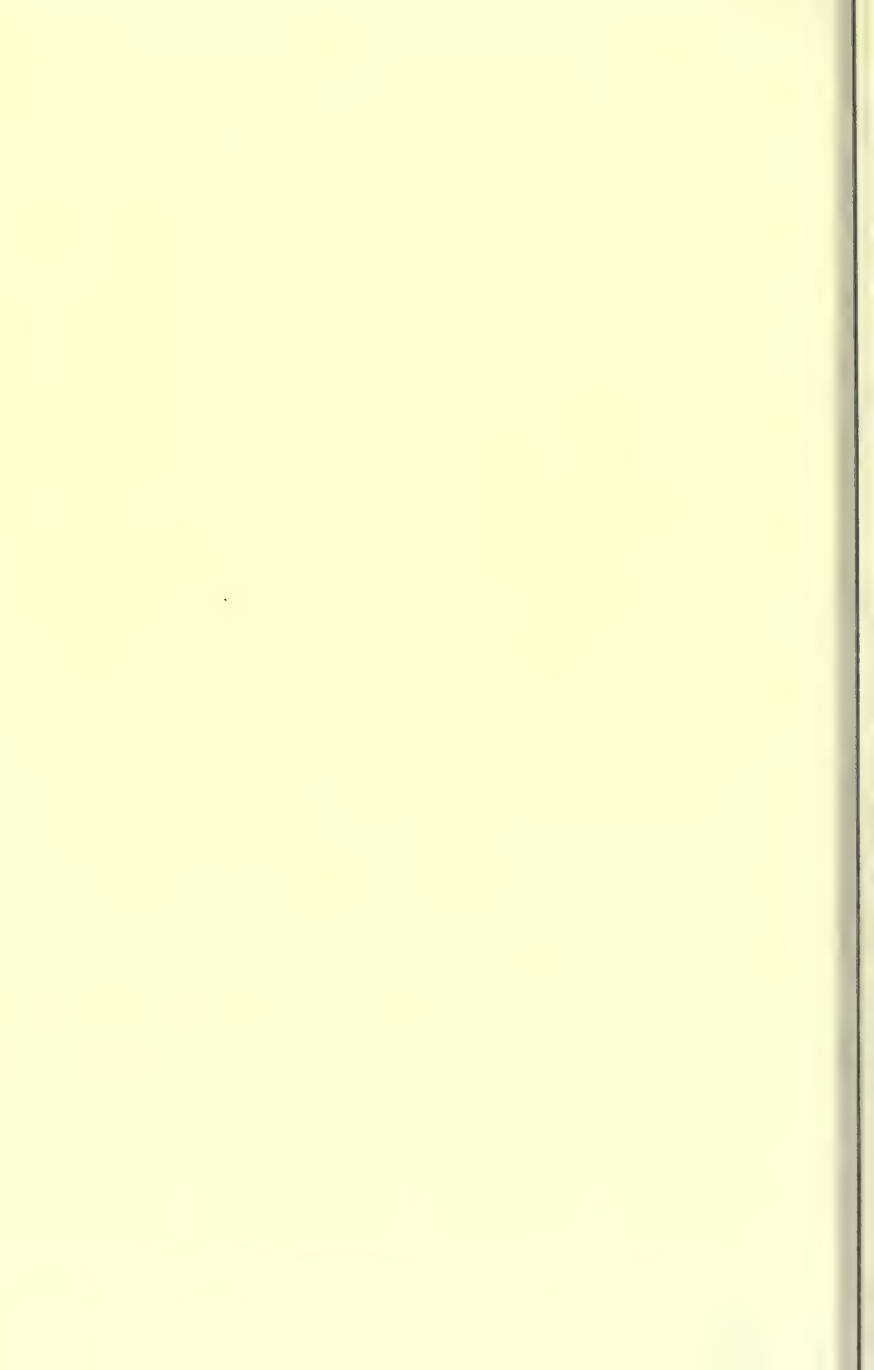
Yeldrin, a yellow-hammer.

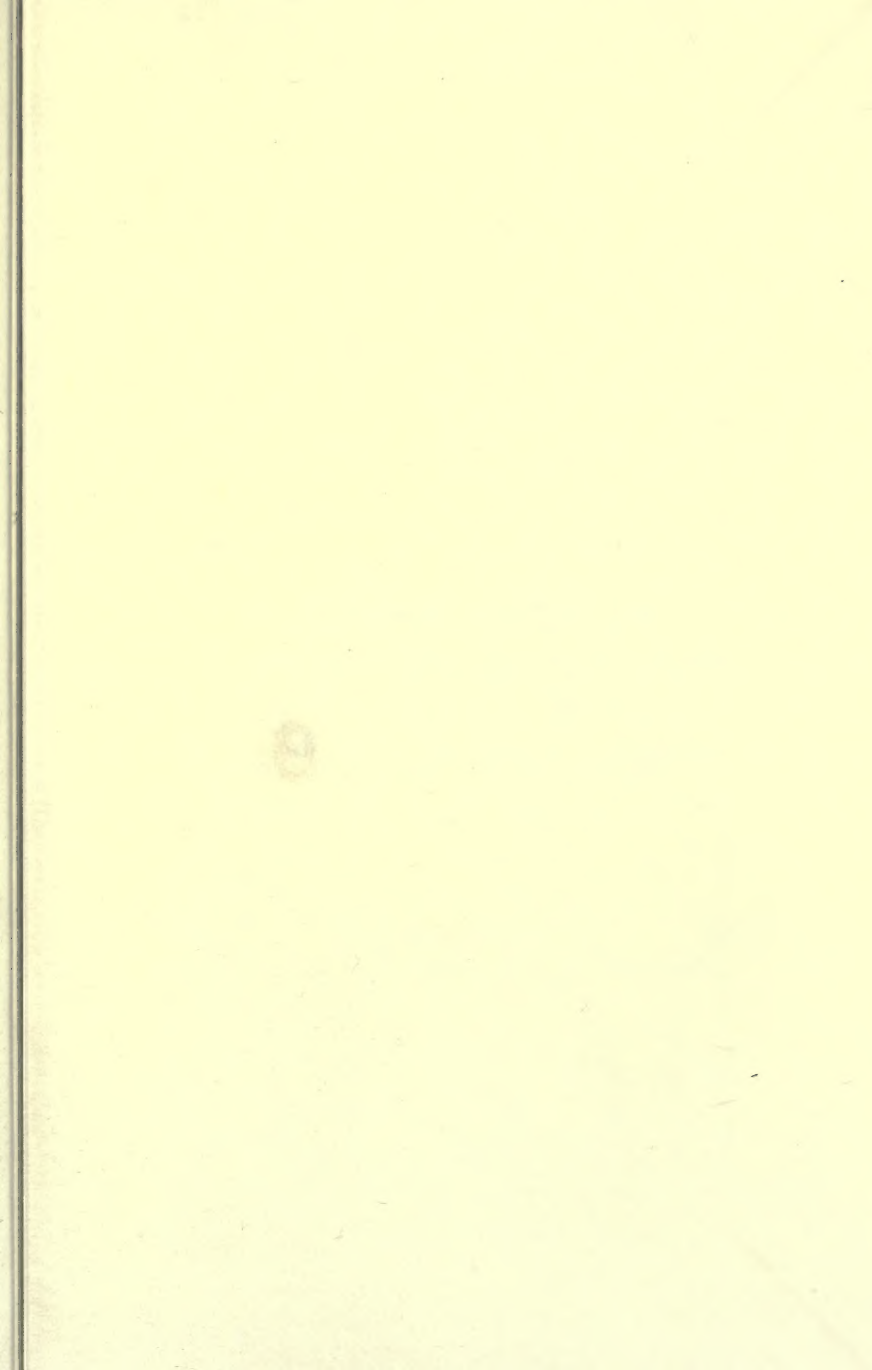
Yird, earth, soil.

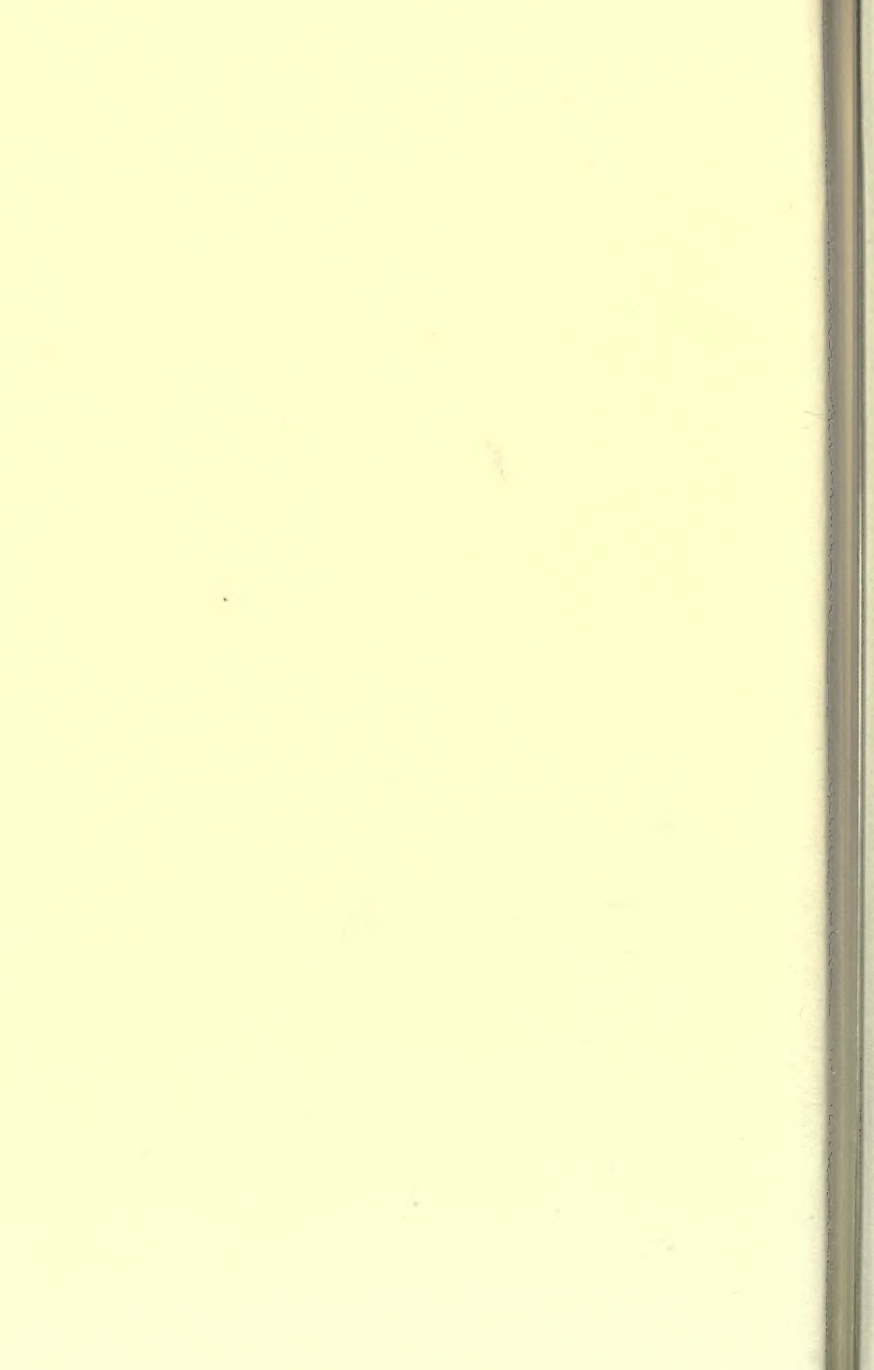
Yowes, ewes.











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